TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

General Boulanger's star is again in the ascendant. A month ago the laughing-stock of Paris, now the idol of France, he has done nothing in the meantime to merit applause or inspire confidence, but with one of those unaccountable ebullitions of the French people, he comes again to the surface to jeer at the enemies who such a little time ago were having oceans of fun at his expense. With such fickle and frivolous public opinion it is no wonder that France is always in a turmoil. The French are exactly the class of people who need a dictator and are the worst exemplars of republican government that can be found. Gen. Boulanger would like to be a Napoleon, and the most reasonable and complimentary explanation that can be offered for his popularity is that France is looking for a military hero who will lead her legions to battle with Germany. Their hatred for the Teuton is almost romantic in its bitterness: they will not even drink German lager beer, and a Belgian has recently made a large fortune by establishing a lager beer brewery at Brussels from which he supplies Paris.

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In Germany the fierce young William continues to advertise himself as a fire-brand. His speeches breathe a desire for French blood. In the early mornings he amuses himself by galloping to the various barracks, sounding the alarm and having everybody on duty as if an invasion were threatened. He is preparing his army corps for service, favoring the Jew-haters, putting his pets into positions of trust, and in every way getting ready for trouble. This war cloud alleged to be the size of a smoked ham is getting tiresome. If we are to have battles the sooner they come the better. William will not be contented till he gets his ear pulled, and he seems to be working on the proper line to have some one reach for him before long.

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As was expected the Republican Senate have refused to ratify the fisheries treaty. The rejection of the bill is thoroughly understood to be a party move, and it is extremely refreshing to see the party organs here and in England lamenting the sacrifice of public interests for party capital. Public interests are never sacrificed in England or Canada to make a government solid with the electorate! We never deal in buncombe or bluff! Patriotism has the first place; in fact, we have patriotism to sell. One can imagine the grin which is worn by the editor of the *Empire* and other party hacks, while they deplore the existence of such partisan bitterness in the American Republic. It is indeed quite a solemn warning when you come to scrutinize it. Position is everything; from here we can see the evils of the American system and observe the follies and rancor of American politicians; in the United States their altitude is favorable for noticing our little departures from patriotic policy, and possibly it is only those who have at some time occupied the vantage ground of both positions who can observe how similar human nature is in both countries, and how invariably selfish interests triumph over patriotic impulses, except in the presence of some great crisis, when the whole people rise up and do exactly what should be done.

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The narrow prejudices and mean discriminations against peoples, parties and human colors mostly characterize those who have had little or no experience in dealing with a thing larger than a cross-roads convention or a ward rally. The sympathies of the narrow-minded are easily excited for those they like and against those with whom they are unacquainted, and I suppose the incident at the Queen's Hotel the other day, when "Rev. C. O. Johnson" was refused admittance on account of his color, will greatly excite those who have never kept hotel or had anything to do with people of the Johnson type. Mr. Johnson, despite the brunette nature of his complexion, may be a very zealous and self-sacrificing man, but it will require evidence before I will believe that he has been working himself to the bone for the cause of humanity, or to do any considerable good to anyone but Johnson. I do not desire to give the "rev." proprietor of that absurdity *The British Lion* any cause for litigation, and yet I am free to admit that I would not care to share my bed and board with the aforesaid missionary. It does not follow that I have any prejudice against the negro race. Many a kind old colored "mammy" have I known in the Southern States, and recollections of hot biscuit and fried chicken, accompanied by the jokes and jollity of Aunt Chloe, endear to my memory the good-natured and generous people who have come up through so much tribulation to a freedom which should always have been theirs, but for which, owing to their years of servitude, so many of them are ill-prepared. In Canada there is no active prejudice against the colored race. They meet with sympathy rather than surliness, and none of them are ever affronted on account of their complexion, except when they forget that no well-bred person will endeavor to force himself into a place where he is not wanted. Self-respect teaches all of them, with possibly here and there an exception, that while their color is no disability it is no recommendation, and that those who are desirous of obtaining notoriety by exciting affronts are deserving of every rudeness they receive. Professional colored men like Johnson, who are making a living out of their tint, no doubt find it necessary "to be looked down upon" once in a while, and nowhere is their action more angrily condemned than among the self-respecting colored people who never force themselves into situations where the race line is almost necessarily drawn. This sort of thing used to be a stock trick with a certain band of jubilee singers, who found that they could get cheaper advertising in that way than in any other, and it is unnecessary to say that they found no sympathy amongst their own people.

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The sight of a large number of people enjoying a walk beneath the trees of the Queen's avenue the other evening suggested the conundrum of what is to be the outcome of the dispute between the University authorities and the city. The topic has dropped almost out of sight during the summer, but it must not be imagined that the public have lost interest in the question of whether the avenue is to be retained for the purpose of public recreation or to be converted into building sites. The University authorities, no doubt, desire to make as good a bargain as possible, and the aldermen feel that they should give as little for the retention of the privilege as possible. I believe if a more equitable basis of discussion were sought for the matter would soon be settled. In the first place the University people should be to a great extent a moral force acting on the high plane which should be occupied by all instructors of youth and those having in charge the formation of character. While technically they may have caught the city on the hip, it does not follow that this gives them the right to exact the pound of flesh. No gentleman, certainly no Christian, should take advantage of the lapse of a short time, or the failure to fulfil minor obligations, to cancel a lease of such public value as the one in question. I believe it is the custom, if not the law, that a leaseholder transgressing the conditions of his covenant should be permitted to continue enjoying his privileges on paying reasonable damages and making proper reparation. And all this the city is certainly willing to do. The aldermen could go further and still retain the support of public opinion. The University is poor and the benefits it can offer its rapidly multiplying students are decreasing rather than increasing. The location here of the provincial seat of learning is of vast value to Toronto. Not only does it afford our citizens a superior opportunity to educate their own youth but it gives them the maintenance of outsiders who come here to obtain a higher education. Everything which adds to the strength of the teaching faculty, every increase in the attractiveness of the college to the youth of Ontario, is a benefit to the city. Toronto should not be unwilling to contribute a reasonable amount to the support of the University. With its limited endowment an annual grant, while scarcely felt by the thousands of citizens who would have to pay it, would add much to the prosperity of what is without doubt the great National University of Canada. We have been struggling to make this the educational center of the Dominion and have succeeded, and the aldermen would not be severely criticized if in the settlement of the present dispute they showed a disposition to be generous to the institution which has done so much for Toronto.

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The other day I had an opportunity of hearing J. W. Bengough, the clever cartoonist and editor of *Grip*, in one of his very funny recitations. He is as side-splitting as Bob Burdette, and his mimicry is not only as irresistible, but quite as refined. Moreover, Johnny Bengough, as his friends affectionately call him, is as loyal a soul and as white a man as there is on the Canadian press. His taste is not for the rough and ready repartee which characterizes what passes for wit with so many of us, but in a delicate and yet telling way he hits off the follies of the day in his cartoons as no other Canadian has ever succeeded in doing. If he were not so loyal to his friends he would be less criticized, but, at the same time, he would not be half so well loved.

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Mr. Waldie's victory in Halton shows how little faith may be placed in the pledges of the Prohibition party. At their convention they decided not to place a third candidate in the field, but to pledge their support to whichever candidate would subscribe to their articles of faith. Mr. Henderson subscribed to these at once; Mr. Waldie pointed to his record as a prohibitionist and refused to subscribe. His refusal did not make the slightest difference to the temperance people, who voted for him just the same. When a prohibition *ultimatum* becomes something more than wind it will have some force.

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Within a fortnight the Industrial Fair will be upon us, and with it the annual infliction of the country cousin who has an objection to paying hotel bills and no scruples about tossing his carpet-bag into the front hall and making himself at home with relations he has never before seen and does not calculate to see again until he needs a convenient place to stay over night while on his travels. I admire hospitality, and I quite adore nerve, but I don't like to see the possessor of the latter taking advantage of the kind-hearted creature who happens to live in town, while all his people and his wife's folks adorn the sun-kissed side-lines. It is always a real pleasure to entertain people you like. The old farmers around whose stoves I used to sit and drink cider and swap exaggerations, would make me glad if at fair time they would come and see me and go around and take in the sights under my guidance. It would not make a bit of difference to me if they had on last year's clothes, and hadn't bothered blacking their boots since the ploughing match last fall. Nobody but a cad is ashamed of respectable guests, or blushes to take an honest hand which may be neither dainty nor well-gloved. Some of the best times I have ever had have been in taking in the town with some of the country boys—and old people for that matter—who out of a desire to renew old acquaintance and talk over old times have spent a few days with me when the fares were cheap during Exhibition week. What makes me weary is when the house is packed full of the people I want, and the sofas are laden down and a bunk has been rigged up in the bath-tub, to hear the bell ring and on going to the door see the sidewalk covered with a gang whose evident intention it is to stay all night and a section of next week. Very likely they will have to introduce themselves to you and explain how their uncle is married to your grandmother's aunt before you can discover any reason why they should have squatted on your premises, rather than on your next neighbor's. If you don't feel happy or at ease, how must they feel What a mutilation of their self-respect has to take place before anyone with natural pride can stow themselves with half a car-load of youngsters and a dray of baggage into a stranger's house on the verbal assurance that your uncle's wife's sister was married to their mother's brother. Of course, there isn't anything left to do but to shake hands and ask how Mary is feeling, how the crops are out their way, and give 'em your place on the carpet, and next morning at breakfast sit out on the wood box in the kitchen and wait for the third table. It is a pretty jovial outlook, but it takes a heap of hospitality to stand it.

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There are city people who every summer migrate to the farms of their country relations and strike the poor grangers like a plague of grasshoppers, but they are not as numerous as they used to be. Very often these folks are none too anxious to have their country brethren return the visit, and I rather admire the determination of the cousin from the side-line to come to town and board it out; rightly enough he thinks it is his just due. Then again there are stuck-up, shoddy people who are ashamed to confess that they first saw the light on a stump farm and live in utter horror of having to entertain Maria and Hannah and William Henry and Hank and Bill and the rest of their blood, who feel a not improper impulse to see "the pumpkin show." If I were Bill or Hank I would come and stay all the same, just for meanness, if for nothing else.

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Then again there is the old father and mother bowed down with incessant toil and the rheumatism which is the result of getting up to breakfast before daylight and working eighteen hours a day and doing chores the other six. Their daughter is probably married to some lawyer, or the son is benefiting by the education they were able to give him—perhaps by selling the fresh butter and eating the scrapings of the tub—in some professional position in the city. And then a nasty pride makes the child nervous for fear the unconventional remarks and backwoods habits of their parents will put them to blush. The shame is all on the side of the pestiferous pride which has frozen the milk of human kindness and made them forget the days when mother and father used to weep tears of joy over the brightness of their bairns. Those who can forget how the old folks toiled that the youngsters might enter in are unworthy of prosperity and are unfitted for happiness, and when I talk about the infliction of country visitors at Fair time, I do not refer to them; I mean the sponges, the forty-second cousins by marriage, who have neither consanguinity, old acquaintance or anything but gall to recommend them to a place in your bed or by your board.

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I remember one fair time three or four years ago when a great, big, over-grown, double-jointed pelican pulled my bell out of its socket about midnight. I stepped carefully over the recumbent forms which lay between me and the door and asked him what was the matter. He projected his hand and said he guessed I didn't know him. I told him that he guessed right, and that he must excuse me, as my memory had been busy trying to recognize strangers, and was a little tired. He laughed airily, as if it were quite a good joke, and exclaimed amidst merriment in which I could not share, "Why, I'm William Henry Lummix, and I used to go to school tew yeh." That was fifteen years ago. He had grown considerably, a fact which I offered as my excuse for not having recognized him afar off, otherwise I might have rushed out, fallen on his neck and stabbed him. "Jist got in," he gurgled. "Had a t'urb'le time findin' yeh. Taverns all full, so I thought I'd come up teh see if yeh remembered me." I told him I was sorry I didn't remember him well enough to ask him to stay all night: my house was full and when he rung the bell I was just trying to snatch a little rest on the kitchen table. He said he wa'n't proud, he was "willin' teh take his chances with the rest," and by this time he was sitting at the foot of the stairs taking his boots off. What could I do. To throw him and his boots out and have him go back to the country district where fifteen years ago they had presented me with a three-dollar writing desk and an address, and say that he had called to see me and that I had got so proud that I didn't know him; I couldn't do that. So I had to give him the kitchen table and sleep on the floor with my head on the bottom step of the back stairs. Having once made the fatal error of omitting to put him to death I had to entertain him for a week. He spent most of his spare time in my office, listening curiously to all the private conversations I was forced to have with my creditors and other people who had some legitimate business in the room. And then he went home and said I had got so stuck-up I didn't use him half right, and altogether I was a good deal worse off than if I had killed him on sight.

"The melancholy days are come
The saddest of the year,"
For now the Exhibition bum,
Doth joyfully appear. (Poetry.)

DON.

DREAMING.

Vanity Fair.

'Tis the height of the season, and matron and maid
Are met at Society's call,
From eighteen to forty, or more in the shade,
They are crying their wares from each stall;
And the downy-lipp'd youth with the feminine bang
And the hoary-browed roue are there,
As the summer wind echoes the din and the clang
Of the hucksters at Vanity Fair.

And what is thy guerdon, O Vanity Fair?
(For on this I would fain hear the truth.)
Of the kisses of Love, dost thou offer a share
To honest, though dowerless, youth?
May virtue and worth, in those fair halls of thine,
Hold their own with the ag'd millionaire?
Can the heart of true love ever rear its fair shrine
At the altar of Vanity Fair?

"A fig for true lovers," quoths Vanity Fair,
"Here maidens are bought and are sold,
Regardless of worth or of youth's golden hair,
To the purse that is heaviest with gold."
Then farewell to peace—to the happy fireside—
And hopeless the heart-broken prayer
For the blessings of home, whilst fond Love is denied
At the weddings of Vanity Fair.

H. K. Cockin.

Society.

There have been gay doings at Inch Arran, Dalhousie, N.B., of late. The weather during the past season has been almost perfect from a lounger's point of view, and in consequence gayety is the order of the day at Inch Arran. The fancy dress ball of last week caused a tremendous run on the ingenuity of one and all to provide some apology for a fancy dress at the shortest possible notice. In spite of all drawbacks the "get-up" of most of the dancers was remarkably creditable. Amongst the Toronto visitors at Inch Arran during last week were Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, who have since returned, Dr. F. Le M. Grasett, and Mrs. Fred Grasett (Mrs. Grasett and Mrs. Lefroy appeared as Red Cross nurses at the ball). Mr. John H. Beaty, Mr. J. B. Clark, Mr. J. C. Fitch and Mrs. Fitch, and Mrs. J. Hetherington.

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Hon. G. W. Allan and Mrs. Allan have left for a short visit to Strath Allan, their place on Lake Simcoe.

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Mr. Tilley has returned to town from the North-West, and the Island knows him once more.

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Mrs. and Miss Fraser of New York are staying at the Island.

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Mr. Charles Baily of London, England, left town this week, after a fortnight's stay, for New York.

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The gaps in society which are being soonest filled this year are those which were left by people who went to Europe. Last week the Vancouver brought the first contingent of home-comers. This week Mr. and Mrs. Charley Ferguson, Miss Burton, Mr. T. C. Patteson have returned by the Sardinian, while next week the popular Parisian brings the Lieutenant-Governor, his daughter, Hon. O. Mowat, and others of Toronto.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson reached Toronto and Chestnut Park at the end of last week, after spending a few days at Quebec. Mr. and Mrs. Percival F. Ridout are at present in Montreal, but are expected in town before the end of this week.

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Mr. Cassimir Dickson, who has been staying at Galt for some weeks, was in town for a few days this week, but has now left for Niagara, where he will stay till the tennis tournament demands his re-appearance.

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Miss Jones, Miss Kate Merritt, Mr. Hamilton Merritt and other Toronto people in the west, decided after all to go to Alaska, and sailed from Victoria, B. C., last week.

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Colonel and Mrs. Humphreys of London, England, are the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Sweny at the Island.

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Mr. R. Ross left this week for Bar Harbor.

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Miss Grace Boulton and Mr. Herman Boulton have returned from a visit to Hon. Beverley Robinson's island in Lake Joseph.

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Sir Arthur and Lady Seymour, on their way from England to the Rockies, were in town during the early part of the week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon are expected at Government House next week from their summering place on the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

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Mr. and Mrs. Graham of Halifax, N.S., who were formerly for some years residents of Toronto paid the town a flying visit this week.

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Miss Campbell, after a few days in town, has again left for the Georgian Bay.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr will, in all probability, reach home to-morrow, doubtless all the better for their European tour.

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Amongst those who have been absent abroad during the last few years is Mr. D. O. R. Jones, and Saturday Night learns with pleasure of his home-coming, which, it is expected, will be early in next week. Mr. Jones was well known on the cricket field at old Trinity and the Toronto grounds, where his brilliant fielding used to be a special feature of the game.

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One of those interesting events where society and sport join hands comes off next week, when the Irish team of cricketers will join issue with the men of Toronto on Thursday, Friday and Saturday. It is unnecessary for me to give the *personnel* of the team, as that has already been done by the daily press during the week and by Saturday Night some weeks ago.

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The Irish team will pass through Toronto to-night on its way to Orillia, where it crosses swords with 16 of Orillia and district on Monday and Tuesday next. While in Orillia the visitors will be well looked after by the Father of Cricket in the north, Mr. H. S. Scadding, and the other cricketers of Orillia. They will be taken for a trip up the Muskoka lakes before returning to Toronto on Wednesday next.

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During their stay in Toronto there will be an informal reception at the Royal Canadian Club House, and the team will be entertained at dinner at the Reform Club on Friday evening, the 31st inst.

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It is a matter of universal regret that Mr. W. D. Hamilton, one of the best tennis players on the eastern shores of the Atlantic has not come out with the team as was expected. Mr. Hamilton would, undoubtedly, have been quite a drawing card, could the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club have succeeded in getting him to play at their tournament on the third and following days of September.

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The rapidly approaching season of 1888-9 reminds me of the efforts which are being made by the managers of our two theaters. I gave a detailed list last week of the future attractions at the Toronto Opera House, and I learn this week, from conversation with Mr. O. B. Shepard, that the Grand Opera House has a most taking list of attractions during its coming season, which opens on Wednesday, the 29th inst. with Sol Smith Russell. Amongst the names of players and plays that will figure on the boards of the Grand are: Scanlan, the Florences, Fanny Davenport, Maude Banks, Duff's Opera Company in A Trip to Africa, Rosina Vokes, Lotta, Jim the Penman, Mrs. J. Brown-Potter, Rose Coghlan, the Pearl of Pekin, the Dark Secret, the Johnson & Slavin Minstrels, Mrs. Langtry, the Kellogg Opera Company, Rhea, Minnie Palmer, Sothern, Herman, Annie Pixley, Hanlon's Fantasma, Janauschek, Julia Marlowe in the Legitimate, Dixey in Adonis, Gilbert & Sullivan's new opera, Robert Mantel in Montbars, Teutin, a new soubrette; Kitty, a successful New York burlesque; Kate Castleton, The Corsair, Nadjy, and the Queen's Bridle.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson gave their first dinner party since their return on Wednesday evening at Chestnut Park.

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The Messrs. Thompson of Edinburgh, who are traveling over the continent, were staying with friends in Toronto during this week.

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Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, when they abandon the Island in the fall, are going to take possession of the splendid house which has been long building for them at the top of St. George street. This promises to be quite one of the finest of Toronto mansions.

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Miss Ethel Benson of Port Hope was in town last week.

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Miss Victoria McCollum and her sister, Miss Alma McCollum, nieces of the Rev. J. H. McCollum, Rector of St. Thomas' Church, are staying with friends in the city. They leave Toronto shortly for New York.

To be autocratic is to be unjust to ourselves. No man is "sufficient unto himself."

Out of Town.

GALT.

The Avon Dramatic Club are hard at work rehearsing Lend Me Five Shillings, and a comedy written by one of our townmen. The proceeds of the performance will be in aid of the new hospital.

Mr. Wm. Thompson, manager of the Bank of Commerce, is out of town enjoying his holidays. He is being relieved by Mr. R. T. Musson during his absence.

Mr. D. J. Munroe of Thorold, an old Bank of Commerce clerk, paid us a visit last week.

Conversation overheard on Main street: First Townsman—When in New York of course you went to Central Park? Second Townsman—Certainly, and saw the museum and menagerie. First Townsman—And did you see the obelisk? Second Townsman—No, it was not in its cage the day I was there.

The Galt Lawn Tennis Club has at this late time of the year been reorganized, and the enthusiasts are making up for the valuable evenings that were lost.

Miss Peck gave another delightful party on Thursday last. Among the guests I noticed Mrs. McWhinney of Detroit, Miss Wade of Stratford, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Howell, Miss Strong, Miss Cranston, Mr. Dickson of Toronto, Mr. T. R. Musson, the Misses Spiers, Miss Lindsay of Ottawa, Mr. Hoy Cranston, Mr. H. McCulloch, Mr. C. Warnock and Mr. Geo. Baird.

BELLEVILLE.

The following was unavoidably crowded out last week:

A very successful and enjoyable musical At Home was given by Mrs. A. A. Campbell on Wednesday evening of last week. Among those present from a distance, were Miss Roberts and Miss Reekie of Montreal, Miss Waltz of Philadelphia, Mrs. W. Himsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Greaves of Ottawa and Miss Robarts of Toronto. The musical programme, executed by the following ladies and gentlemen, was remarkably well carried out: Miss Waltz, Miss Falkiner, Miss Thomas, Miss Caswell, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Mabel Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Greaves, Mr. Herbert Greaves, Mr. Balkwell and Mrs. Fred Fellowes. It is seldom that in Belleville a person has the opportunity of hearing such an excellent vocalist as Miss Waltz, who is one of the leading soloists in Philadelphia.

TRENTON.

The Bachelors of Trenton had an assembly in Rividy's Hall last Thursday evening. It was more of an impromptu nature than is usual, being gotten up in honor of the Misses Marquis of Norwich, N. Y., and Miss Fasey of Butte City, Montana, who have been staying at Springbank, the residence of Mr. D.R. Murphy, and Miss Cook of Hamilton, at present the guest of Mrs. Stewart, all of whom were about to terminate their visits somewhat more prematurely than was anticipated.

The following is a short *resume* of the guests who were present: Mrs. George Bonter, black velvet, jet trimmings, diamond ornaments; Mrs. Ross Cumming, white silk, diamond ornaments; Mrs. P.J. O'Rourke, white silk, flowers, silver ornaments; Mrs. Fred Ruthven, cream silk, lace and pearls; Mrs. Pelletier, black silk plush, gold ornaments; Mrs. D. K. Murphy; Miss Marquis, black silk and lace, gold ornaments; Miss Mary Marquis, black satin and lace, silver ornaments; Miss Casey, crimson satin and pink plush, pearl ornaments; Miss Hawley, satin, white lace, feather trimming; Miss Macaulay, white satin, heliotrope trimmings, flowers; Miss Gill, pink nun's veiling, flowers; Miss Lucy Gill, white lace, pearl ornaments; Miss Lena Pelletier, fawn colored silk, pearl ornaments; Miss Hindall, white cashmere, crimson flowers; Miss McKeown, white silk, jet ornaments; Miss Meyers, black plush, with lace, gold ornaments; Miss Christie, white satin, lace, diamond ornaments; Miss Laws of St. Catharines, blue satin, moonlight jets; Miss Teresa Whittier, broacaded French delaine, pink ribbon; Miss Crampton, pink silk, pearl ornaments; Miss O'Flynn, creamy silk, pearl ornaments; Miss Parent, white satin, silver ornaments; Miss A. Parent, white satin, silver ornaments; Messrs. D. R. Murphy, R. Grass, J. Ross Cumming, C. A. Jennings, C. Godson, F. Garratt, J. Conley, Bert Brayley, H. Dickson, D. C. Little, A. and J. Arnott, F. Garratt, J. Cooley, K. and A. Macaulay, F. Keith, D. O'Neill, McKenzie, A. Pelletier, S. R. Graham, D. Shepard and J. S. Garrett.

A most enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of Mrs. Ross-Cumming last Tuesday evening. Guests to the number of forty-seven assembled. Dancing was indulged in till about twelve, when supper was served, after partaking of which dancing was again resumed.

Weller's orchestra furnished the music, and the time passed so rapidly that it was three a. m. before the last of the guests departed. One of the unique features of the evening was the manner in which the rooms were illuminated, lanterns of variegated colors being substituted for gas.

Among the guests were noticed Mrs. D. R. Murphy, mauve silk, diamond ornaments; Mrs. H. B. Wilson, black satin, trimmed with honiton lace, jet ornaments; Mrs. Charles Pelletier, black silk, plush trimmings, gold ornaments; Mrs. Fred Ruthven, pink cashmere, handsomely trimmed with lace, pearl ornaments; Miss Casey (Butte City), white satin, silver ornaments; the Misses Marquis (New York), cream moire antique, ruby ornaments; Miss Laws (St. Catharines), navy blue satin, trimmed with moonlight jets; Miss Pelletier, cream satin, trimmed with Corinthian gauze, gold ornaments; Misses Macaulay, Shepard, Cook, Graham and others; Messrs. D. R. Murphy, G. H. Gordon, R. Grass, H. B. Wilson, C. A. Jennings, F. Garratt, A. Arnott, J. Arnott, H. Whittier, R. Brayley, Alf Pelletier, J. Cooley, W. Little, J. S. Garrett and others.

CHATHAM.

Social news at this season of the year is always of a limited character as so many people are away on vacation. The most frequented summer resorts near here are the Cottages on Lake Erie, where a great many Chathamites have erected summer residences, and Sarnia Beach, which is rapidly growing in favor. The most popular amusement at present is picnicking up the River Thames.

The Misses Wylie, Ardagh and Lennox of Toronto, Miss May Ryley of Collingwood, Miss Carnegie of London, Miss Lizzie Malcolmson of Hamilton and Miss Rossford of Windsor, are visiting friends in town.

Mr. Wm. Richards and family and Mrs. J. L. Bray are summering at Sarnia Beach.

Mr. O. V. Rowley of the Merchants' Bank has returned from St. John, N. B.

Mr. A. Heyward and family and Messrs. O. L. Lewis and F. Broderick have returned from Ha Ha Bay and Chicoutimi.

Messrs. W. G. Richards and P. H. Coate have arrived home after a pleasant canoeing trip in Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eberts of Little Rock, Ark., are visiting Mrs. Wm. Eberts.

Mrs. E. W. H. Van Allan of Winnipeg is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Atkinson.

Mr. C. R. Atkinson, jr., and wife are visiting Mrs. Waller, Waukesha, Wis.

Mr. Matthew Wilson is in New York on business and will be away about ten days.

Mrs. Garner, Mr. John Hyslop and Miss Hyslop have sailed for Europe. After visiting England Miss Hyslop will proceed to Leipzig, where she will further cultivate her splendid musical talents.

SOUTHAMPTON.

This pleasant little summer resort was all astir on Wednesday, August 15, with excursionists from Hamilton, Brantford, Guelph, Walkerton and various other towns on the G. T. R. The tonic lake breezes and mineral springs make Southampton in summertide a desirable and cheerful resting-spot for the tourist, and when there is added to this the attraction of a concert program, containing some of the brightest talent—vocal, instrumental and elocutionary—to be found in the province, it may easily be surmised that last Wednesday was indeed a gala and enjoyable day in our little town. The concert was held in the town hall, which was packed to the door with a highly appreciative audience. The singers were Miss Strong of Philadelphia, Miss Nolan of New York, and Miss Hayden, Prof. Maitland and Mr. Gallagher of Guelph. The instrumentalists were Prof. D. J. O'Brien of Hamilton, Miss Maitland of Guelph, and Master Geo. Fox, the celebrated boy violinist of Wickerton, Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., the well-known *litterateur* of Toronto was the elocutionist of the evening. The names of Miss Nolan and Miss Marie Strong are too well known in the world of singing to require commendation from my pen. Both were received with great favor, and responded with encores to each number. Miss Strong's voice is a rich contralto of great power and finish, while Miss Nolan possesses a mezzo-soprano full of music and tenderness. Miss Hayden of Guelph made her appearance for the first time in Southampton, and was accorded a flattering reception. Her fine presence added to the rich quality of her notes. Prof. Maitland's vocal interpretation of the good old Scottish songs, O, Sing to Me the Auld Scotch Songs and The March of the Cameron Men, was a really excellent, and places him at once amongst the best Scottish vocalists. Master George Fox is a prodigy with the violin, and can make that instrument breathe forth its spirit at his will. Mr. O'Hagan was rapturously received in his recitals of Shamus O'Brien and Sandy Signal, and added to his already earned fame of being one of the strongest and most finished elocutionists in the Province. Mr. Gallagher completely captured the audience in his comic songs. Prof. D. J. O'Brien, Principal of the Hamilton College of Music, and Miss Maitland of Guelph played with great acceptance the accompaniments. The concert was under the auspices of the R. C. Church, and owed much of its success to the untiring energy of Mr. John Carey.

OSHAWA.

If "Alexia" will send name and address to Editor, Saturday Night, her wishes in regard to Oshawa news may be acceded to.

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Express Steamers every Wednesday & Saturday.

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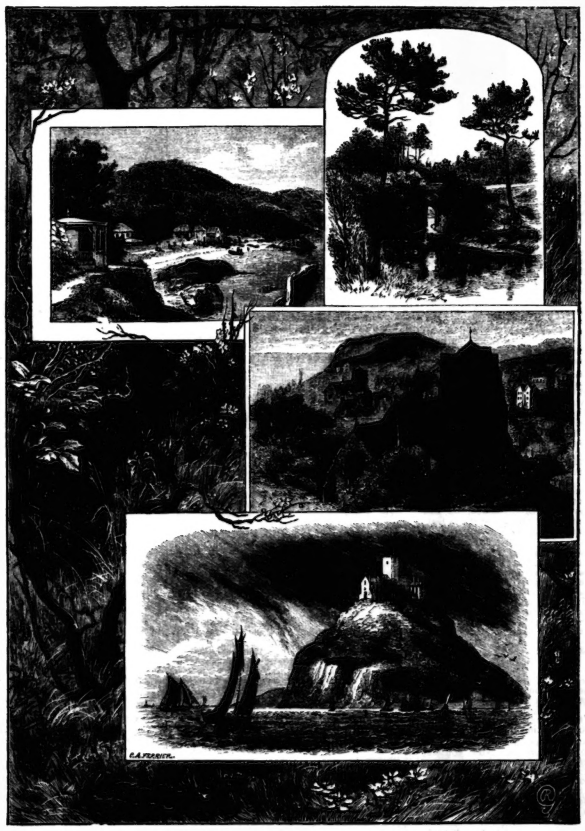

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TILL ETERNITY.

One November evening in the year 1846, the weather being moist, sleet falling fast, and the streets sloppy and dreary, a young man was strolling in the city of Strasbourg, under the Grandes Arcades; and the two or three dim gas lamps intended to light the old and obscure passage were scarcely sufficient to enable belated wanderers to see farther than five or six yards before them.

The young man walked with unsteady gait, and his manner indicated that he was in a decidedly bad humor. He did not observe that another person was advancing from the opposite direction until they both paused suddenly in front of each other.

The gentleman who thus unexpectedly disturbed the cogitations of the nocturnal and absent-minded promenader was the first to speak.

"Sir," said he, with a strong south-country accent, "will you oblige by informing me how to say the words 'For ever' in German?"

"'*Auf immer*,' sir," replied the young man promptly.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" replied the other. Then, resuming his way, he repeated aloud, "'*Auf immer!*' Ah, yes—'*Auf immer!*'"

As he proceeded, he took from his thick overcoat a pocket book, and, stopping for an instant, wrote on a page the words "*Auf immer*;" after which he replaced the book and continued his route, repeating his newly-acquired German phrase to himself.

"'*Auf immer!*' repeated the other young man to himself. "'*Auf immer!* What in the world can he want to know that for, at half-past eight o'clock at night? Perhaps I have been assisting him to make love to some pretty Alsatian maiden who is not a proficient in any language but her own. A declaration of love, eh? The deuce take love, and the woman too!"

That a young fellow of twenty-five should so express himself as to love and women seemed puzzling; but so it was. This young Strasbourgian, Augustus Weiss, sincerely believed in neither one nor the other. He had made his first essay some time before, in a very pretty romance, which had failed of a successful issue through the timidity of the young lady concerned.

As he reviewed the details of his past mischance, Augustus Weiss arrived at the end of the Arcades. The sleet had deepened into snow, and he was quickening his pace to descend the passage steps, when his foot struck against something which the flickering light of a gas lamp enable him to perceive was a pocket-book. He picked it up, and continued his way as best he could over the uneven ground, which was in some places paved with cobble-stones, in others asphalted, and in many parts strewn with the remains of materials that had served to cover the floors of the Arcades. At length the snow abated; and the young man's progress became easier as he hastened onward to his home in the Rue Merciere. In passing, however, he did not fail to cast a glance strongly expressive of both anger and regret at one of the first houses in the Rue des Serruriers. After entering his room, he set about examining the prize he had found. The pocketbook was a new one, and contained a number of bank-notes; but there was neither letter nor card to indicate the name of the owner.

The next morning, before going to the office in which he was employed, Augustus Weiss, proceeded to the advertising department of a local newspaper, the *Courrier du Bas-Rhin*, which was situated in the Place Saint Thomas—a locality peculiarly peaceful and silent, where a dozen or so of slender sycamores vegetated lazily in the shade of the Protestant church of Saint Thomas, and sheltered to some extent beneath their scanty foliage the stalls of six or eight vendors of fruit and vegetables.

Augustus entered the publishing-room of the *Courrier*, and informed the representative of the newspaper—then in its infancy, as at the period alluded to it had reached only its third number—that he was desirous of announcing in its columns the godsend he had found in the street.

"I am sorry," said the manager, "to lose at one time two advertisements; but doubtless this is the owner of the pocketbook"—pointing to a man who stood close by.

The person indicated, who had arrived a few minutes prior to Augustus, was asked what charge for an insertion of the particulars respecting his lost property. He was a man of about thirty, with florid complexion and eyes and hair of an intensely black hue.

Augustus Weiss held out the pocketbook to him.

"I am very pleased, sir," he said, "to be able to restore your property to you."

"The pocketbook is mine, sir," replied the stranger; "and yet I scarcely know how to convince you of the fact. Pray where did you find it?"

"Under the Grandes Arcades."

"Yesterday evening, at about half-past eight?"

"Yes, about that time."

"Then you are the man who kindly told me how to say the words 'For ever'—*Auf immer!*"

"Really I did not recognize you again, sir!"

"Ah, yes! I had taken out my pocket-book for the purpose of taking down those tiresome words. It was fearfully cold, and I hastily returned the book, as I thought, to my pocket; but, instead of doing so, I must have placed it between my under and over coats—and that is how it fell to the ground. But, as I said, you has any further business here," continued the stranger, as he raised his hat to the advertisement-manager, "will you permit me to offer you some refreshment?"

"With all my heart," replied Augustus; and the two young men left the office together.

"Mr. Maurice Cazenave, of Nismes," said the south country man, by way of self-introduction.

"Mr. Augustus Weiss," returned the other, in a similar manner.

"Now, Mr. Weiss," said Cazenave, "as you are a Strasbourg man, you ought to have your favorite tavern. Let us go there."

"The house I frequent most is the 'Dolphin,' near the cathedral," replied Weiss.

"A house I happen to know," said Cazenave, "although I have been in Strasbourg only one month I know the 'Dolphin' very well."

Five minutes later the two young men were seated at a table in that celebrated tavern, having before them two glasses of the splendid white-frothed beer for which the city is famous.

"Let us see, Mr. Weiss," commenced Cazenave, after they had tasted and duly appreciated the nut-brown beverage—"you are an honest fellow, and have rendered me a service. What can I do for you in return?"

"Oh, I really don't know!"

"Tut, tut, tut! There is always something on a man's mind, or one thing or another that he wants, particularly at your age; and, if I can be useful to you—"

"I have something on my mind, certainly; but, my dear sir, you could not do anything to aid me there."

"Nevertheless——"

"No; the best wishes are powerless in my case."

"Then it is a love-affair!"

"Yes."

"Ah, well, tell me about it!"

"What earthly good would that do? Your sympathy would be valueless in the matter."

"Tell me, all the same. In the first place, I will pledge myself to profound secrecy. I will not ask you for name, address, or any question that borders on the inquisitive. Tell me only the outlines of your story, and then—who knows? Confidence for confidence—I also have a love-affair in Strasbourg, although I have resided here only a few weeks. Now make your candid confession. You are in love?"

"Ah, well, yes!"

"Is she pretty?"

"Adorable, good, and intelligent—in short a marvel."

"Brunette or blonde?"

"Blonde, with very dark blue eyes."

"Like my young lady. Good! I observe we have similar tastes. And does she love you?"

"She tells me so, and I believe it."

"Continue."

"Oh, all was going on very well! I am clerk to a solicitor, and have saved a little money, which, if added to an ordinary dowry, would enable me to purchase a country practice—one ambition was not very greedy—and now at the present moment there is just such a practice to be disposed of at Brumath. I know the owner, and he has offered it to me on very advantageous conditions; but the father of my intended has recently turned completely round in his manner toward me. I was formerly admitted to the house, and all appeared to receive me with smiles. About three weeks since, without my knowing anything of the why or the wherefore, he changed his mind about the matter. I was all but accepted; and now he thinks that my position is too humble, and for the last eight days I have been given to understand that the reputation of his daughter may be endangered by my visits."

"And the young lady?"

"I see her all the same; we meet at the house of a friend. I proposed that we should cut the affair short, and make a bolt of it; but she preaches patience, and wishes me to wait a while. It drives me almost out of my senses."

"I also am somewhat unsettled in my mind just at present."

"Like me?"

"Why, no! It is absolutely the contrary—except that it is exactly the same thing in the end."

"Let us have it; it is your turn now!"

"With regard to myself it is not money that is wanting, as you will see, nor the consent of the father; but it is the daughter herself who hasn't yet convinced me that I have made the impression on her heart which I desire to do. What I mean is that at times she is very capricious and has such droll ideas! Just fancy—it is now a month since I arrived here from Nismes! I came to take possession of some property in this town, an aunt of mine having left me twenty-four thousand pounds or thereabouts—I don't know exactly how much—besides house property and land let on leases that are yet unexpired, mortgages, loans and a heap of other matters, very good investments, but very much muddled, so that it will require some time here to put things straight. Business caused me to become acquainted with a good man who has a daughter—oh! such an enchanting girl with a pretty Alsatian accent! I beg pardon for this digression. She is the blonde with the blue eyes of whom I have already spoken to you—a girl who can look you through and through when she likes. I fell in love at first sight—in short, I forgot all about money, mortgages and securities, and was desperately smitten. I just gave a hint of my feelings to the father, who seemed to have guessed all about it beforehand. Very well; he accepted me most readily, and I am installed as her lover. Yes, that is a certainty; but I don't make any progress with my suit. I don't exactly know how I stand with regard to her affections—she has so many new ideas and caprices. For instance, she absolutely insists that her husband shall understand German. She pretends that it is essential in a household, as you can engage French servants and say all that you have to say before them, without their understanding what you are talking about. So I have to learn German!"

"Oh, oh—that explains to me why you wanted yesterday evening the words 'For ever' translated into German!"

"Exactly. I was about to call on the good man, and I wished to say in German to his daughter, 'I shall love you for ever!'"

"Did you say it to her?"

"Perfectly—thanks to you. She appeared to be delighted with my progress, and at the same time looked wonderfully handsome."

"Ah, well, then of what have you to complain?"

"I fear her compliance with her father's wishes will not continue."

"You must have courage; besides, we can see each other, and talk things over—in German, if you have a desire to acquire that language."

"I wish it above all things, and am deeply obliged by your kindness, for, when I should have engaged a very accomplished teacher, still he was an elderly man to whom I could not express myself confidentially, as I am able to do to you. You see," continued Cazenave, "there is no false delicacy about me. You have rendered me an important service, and I am your debtor. How much money will be wanted for the purchase of the practice of which you spoke? Where did you say the place was?"

"Brumath."

"It is not the name of the place that I care for—that is of no consequence to me; but I will advance you the amount in ready cash, if you will allow me."

"I really don't know how I could lay myself under so great an obligation."

"That is absurd! You understand I owe you a requital for your honesty. Now, you see, it is all arranged. Get your conveyance documents prepared as early as you please. On the day after to-morrow I will meet you here at eight o'clock in the evening; you can give me a lesson in German, and we can talk over our love affairs in a quiet way, as we have already done. By the-bye, before we part, I wish to tell her this evening that I shall love her everlastingly. I know how to conjugate the verb 'to love'; but those terrible adverbs floor me completely. How do you render the word 'everlastingly?'"

"*Ewig*," replied Augustus.

"Right—*ewig!* My stars, what a language!" Cazenave added, as he shrugged his shoulders.

"And to think that I am to spend my time in learning it! But what would I not do? When she looks at me with her large blue eyes, I believe that she could induce me to learn Chinese. On the day after to-morrow then, dear sir."

And the two young men rose from their seats and left the tavern, wishing each other good day as they parted.

On the day appointed, the next day, and for eight days following, the two new friends met regularly at the "Dolphin," where the young Alsatian gave the south countryman lessons, not in German, but that which is almost the same thing, the *patois* of Strasbourg; and their conversations generally commenced in the following style.

"Well, my good friend," Maurice Cazenave would say, "how does the love-affair go on? Do things appear to you to be more satisfactory?"

"Not at all," Augustus Weiss would reply. "I have heard indirectly that the father will not permit my name to be mentioned in his house."

"What—not since you have purchased the country practice?"

"He has not yet mentioned the subject, so far as I can learn; he appears to have other views of a more ambitious character. I hear that he has found a Cœsus for a son-in-law."

"Have patience, my friend—have patience! You have the daughter on your side, and I am here to assist you."

"Thanks. And what progress are you making, if I ask?"

"Oh, capital progress, thanks to you! I am going ahead step by step."

"So much the better."

"Your turn will come. If you have no objection, we will both be married on the same day, and I will defray the cost of the two weddings."

"I am sadly afraid that mine will not cost much."

"Don't despair. Faint heart never won fair lady."

After these confidences, they went to work at the Strasbourgian patois with a will that did credit to both teacher and scholar.

On the day of the twelfth lesson Augustus Weiss came with a face radiant with delight, while the south-countryman appeared to him to look somewhat glum and crestfallen.

"Well," said Maurice Cazenave, "how are you getting on?"

"Oh," replied Weiss, "things are improving! I have seen her, and have had a talk with her, and she has given me great hope. She has done a great deal, and insisted on so much that her father seems inclined to give way; and, as soon as I am fairly launched in my office——"

"All in good time, my friend."

"How about yourself?" inquired Weiss.

"Things are not looking at all bright for me," was the reply.

"I am extremely sorry to hear that; we should have been so very jolly all together."

"No; it is very annoying. My sweetheart has such whimsical ideas! It is not a question of speaking German now; she has made up her mind not to leave Strasbourg."

"Why?"

"That is the question! Between ourselves, I believe that it is only a pretence to get rid of me, knowing, as she does very well, that my interests make it imperative that I should reside in the south! It is a pure invention."

"Oh, don't be discouraged in that way! Handsome women are sometimes very capricious, and you have told me that she is very pretty."

"As for that she is enough to turn a man's brain."

"Have courage then! I am going to teach you some Alsatian phrases that will cause her to laugh more than ever, and her whimsical notions will disappear."

"Exactly so; but all those changes and uncertainties greatly interfere with my other affairs. I am busily engaged in looking after my newly acquired property; but were I to remain in Strasbourg, I should not be able to make the best of my estates elsewhere."

"Let the property stand over for a time, and persevere with the lady you wish to make your wife. Later on you will still be master of what you possess, and then you can reside where you please."

"That you believe to be best? Let it be so then!"

And once more they resumed the lessons in Strasbourg *patois*.

Some days afterward the aspect of affairs was again changed; it was Cazenave who came in a joyous mood, whilst Weiss was evidently overburdened with grief.

"A-ha," cried the south countryman, "you have done quite right in encouraging me to press my suit vigorously! All is very much altered; she is now willing to go where I choose, and has no longer any desire that I should make myself proficient in German. How are you progressing?"

"I have no good news to tell you. The father is decidedly too ambitious to secure his daughter's happiness. I have boldly communicated to him that I am now the owner of a practice. A solicitor's practice is not sufficient for him. My poor girl is sadly grieved; the dear creature has tried her utmost to persuade him; but never before has he shown such determination."

"What does he mean? That the practice you have purchased is not sufficiently large? Ah, well, my friend, we will try to reckon with the covetous old wretch! This is what I have resolved on. As we shall not reside at Strasbourg, I shall not be able to attend personally to the property to which I have succeeded, nor shall I have time to conduct the sale of it my self; it will consequently be necessary to employ a representative here to watch over my interests; one in whom I could place every confidence and in whose hands I could safely leave all my affairs. Now you are evidently an honest man—I have proved you to be so, have I not? Very well; I will appoint you my agent at a salary of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, independently of the solicitor's practice altogether, which will remain at your disposal intended it. Now don't you think that this arrangement will make the stingy old fellow alter his mind?"

"I hope it will."

"If the daughter really loves you and desires to become your wife, most certainly you will win her father over to her way of thinking."

"Oh, I am satisfied that she loves me sincerely! She has made me promise to be patient, and she has pledged herself finally to agree to all my proposals.

"So much the better. I thank you very much for the lessons, for which I have no longer an occasion; besides, I am very much engaged. I have some purchases to make—presents, in fact, for the wedding—so we will meet again this day week, when I trust you will be the bearer of better news."

One week afterwards the south-countryman and the Alsatian met again at their usual rendezvous. Augustus was the first to arrive. His eyes sparkled with pleasure; indeed he looked perfectly contented and happy. So pleased was he that he did not notice the troubled look of his friend, who soon afterwards joined him.

"Ah, here you are!" said the latter, in a depressed tone of voice.

His sorrowful accent struck the Strasbourgian.

"What is the matter?" asked Augustus.

"The matter is that my love affair has terminated. This time it is quite finished—the spell is broken."

"I am curious to know how that has come about."

"I myself can scarcely understand how it happened. First of all, the daughter received me very coldly; then the father, in a roundabout and confused kind of way, informed me that it had been decided to decline my offer of marriage—there was another lover in the field—the damsel was very headstrong; it was not left for him to determine—she had bluntly refused any other suitor but the one chosen by herself."

"It is a piece of rank stupidity!"

"At any rate, it is a piece of stupidity finally decided on. She has twisted her father round her finger, and at a moment when I believed all was settled and I had commenced to purchase the jewelry. See—here is a beautiful bracelet—a masterpiece of workmanship!"

"It seems like a fatality," remarked Weiss. "After what you have said, I hardly like to tell you of the happy turn which my suit has taken. Thanks to you and the advantages you have placed in my way, the father has consented. I have to see him to day at six o'clock precisely; in short, the door is no longer closed against me."

"Ah, well, I am exceedingly pleased to hear you say so! It will be a consolation to me to know that I have done some good here."

"I hope that will not be your only recompense."

"Be that as it may, you will find all the documents you require for your agency, as also the amount for the purchase of your professional practice, at the office of my lawyer, Mr. Strohmeyer, in the Rue des Serruriers. I shall leave Strasbourg immediately. You have a fine cathedral, I admit, but your citizens drink too much beer—that is their misfortune. I have nothing to regret. A horrid country and a wretched people! Of course I do not allude to you personally—on the contrary, I wish you every prosperity, and a happy future to yourself and your intended. I should have liked to offer her a wedding present—this bracelet, for instance; but unfortunately I have had initials engraved on it. See! But I will get it exchanged;" and the south-countryman opened the casket.

Augustus Weiss, while looking at the jewel admiringly, suddenly uttered a cry of surprise.

"Is it not a magnificent bracelet?" asked Cazenave.

"Yes, yes; but what a coincidence!"

"How?"

"Why, 'C. H.' are the initials of my intended's name!"

"Really?"

"Yes, assuredly—Caroline Helmstetter!"

"What—Miss Caroline Helmstetter!" cried the south-countryman, as he made a prodigious effort to speak the name. "Is it Miss Caroline Helmstetter who is to be your wife?"

"Yes."

"Miss Caroline, the daughter of the receiver of taxes, No. 1 Rue des Serruriers?"

"Yes, that is right. Do you know her then.

"Do I not? Why, that is the young lady to whom I have been paying my addresses!"

"It cannot be possible! We have been hunting over the same ground!" exclaimed Augustus.

"Or rather I have been hunting over your ground!" said Cazenave.

"And, when I was instructing you in Strasbourg German, I was actually putting words in the mouth of my rival!" said Augustus.

"And, as to myself, what else was I doing when I bought the practice of a solicitor in your name? asked Cazenave.

"Just so! And, when I was encouraging you, and urging you to persevere with your suit, I was unquestionably working against my own interest!"

"And, in appointing you my agent, I was destroying my best chance! I now understand how it was that we were never both satisfied at the same time. Truly we are the heroes of a ludicrous romance!"

"Yes, but of one that will have the effect of greatly altering the complexion of things."

"Not at all, my dear friend—not at all! It is I who have come and unintentionally interfered with your projects; I am the one who ought in honor to withdraw. The young lady loves you; marry her—become a solicitor, a land agent, and father of a large family."

"And you positively renounce her?"

"I pledge you my word that I will never return to vex you. What! I have said I will religiously adhere to. Good-bye!"

"And are you actually going to leave Strasbourg?"

"Sooner than ever! Stay—here is the bracelet! Present it in my name to your betrothed as my marriage gift."

"And shall we continue to be the same good friends?"

"Yes," replied the south countryman, as he finally and warmly pressed the hand of the young Alsatian, "and permit me to add the words you taught me on the occasion of our first meeting—*Auf immer*—For Ever!"

A Little Forgetful.

Lady (at the other end of telephone)—Mr. Sandem, I want you to send me a dozen large oranges.

Grocer (absent mindedly).—Yes'm. Are these large enough?—*Puck.*

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Poor Rusher.

Razzle—I hear that Rusher has become the father of twins.

Dazzle—Yes, and he danced around pretty lively when the nurse brought him the news.

Razzle—Kind of a *pas de deux*, eh?

More English Humor.

Lady—You have not been out to service yet, therefore you have no character.

Applicant—No, mum, but I've got three School Board certificates.

Lady—Ah, well. That is something. Are they for honesty, cleanliness, or—

Applicant—No, please mum, for literatoor, jography, and free-hand drorin'

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

"His body was not found for six clear days," continued uncle Griffiths quietly. "Every one was beginning to think that he had met with foul play, when his wife, who happened to be the second person in the secret of the hiding-place at that time, remembered his threat to sell the necklet, and she made up her mind to see if he had. That night, when the household were all asleep, they were awakened by piercing shrieks from the south corridor; and, hastening thither, they found poor Mistress Tennant dragging her husband's dead body along. The poor soul was only a wife of an hour, and the little heir was born that night. The young mother lived long enough to impart the secret of the jewel chamber to the family chaplain, and that was all."

"How do you think she got to the body, uncle?"

"My dear, a child could open the door leading to the staircase if it knew the secret of the bolts."

"Poor soul!" said Molly softly. "It is a sad story. I wonder her spirit doesn't haunt the place."

"They say his does," returned uncle Griffiths thoughtfully. "Whenever any great harm is coming to the Tennants, his ghost is said to walk the south corridor at night."

"I uncle," said Molly, in a half-jesting, half-scared tone, "how can you sleep at that end of the house? Have you ever seen him?

"Not yet," answered Mr. Tennant, shaking his head and smiling. "But I shouldn't be a bit surprised if I saw him to-night, for I'm dyspeptic enough to fancy I see an army of ghosts—more particularly after talking about it beforehand. Come, my children—it is close on three o'clock. Molly, you will look like a scarecrow in the morning."

"Are you going straight to bed now?" asked Molly, as she rose, feeling a little disinclined to pass the end of the south corridor by herself at that unholy hour.

"Not for ten minutes," replied her uncle. "I must have a cigar, or I shall not sleep a wink after that abominable Moselle."

"It is a mistake for you to touch sparkling wine at all, sir," observed Brande, as he lighted Molly's candle for her at the foot of the staircase, and then one for his uncle and himself before extinguishing the hall lamp.

When she reached the head of the stairs, the girl looked back at the two men to nod and smile a last good night; and, as they stood there, the light of the candle throwing them into relief against the intense blackness of the vast hall behind them, Queen Eleanor's pearls seemed to gleam up at her with bewildering beauty. Imbued as her mind was with the weird fascination of the story of the jewels, she shivered as she averted her reluctant gaze from their shimmering gleam; and, as she hastened down the east corridor to her own rooms, she took herself smartly to task for her folly. Her last thoughts before sleep that night were a confusion of pearls, Tim's troubles, Brande's debt, and her own great happiness.

CHAPTER III.

Uncle Griffith's ten minutes were prolonged to five times ten, and Molly was fast asleep and dreaming before the two men had said all they had to say that night.

This marriage between Brande and Molly, had long been Mr. Tennant's heart's desire, and, now that he saw the hope showing fair promise of fulfilment, it seemed as if he would never tire of talking of the joy and happiness the future had in store for them all.

Brande, for some reason or other, was not as responsive as he naturally should have been, and listened to the elder uncle's elaborate plans for the improvement of the estate with a lethargy that now and again almost betrayed itself in outward signs of impatience. To an impartial observer it would have seemed that the young man found his uncle's goodness a burden, that he was conscious in his heart of not deserving all this generous forethought, and that therefore he writhed in secret discomfort under the sense of his own unworthiness.

Griffiths Tennant, however, was entirely oblivious of this absence of a fellow-feeling on the part of his nephew; he was so perfectly happy himself at this satisfactory fulfilling of his pet plan that he was blind to Brande's very apparent uneasiness. When at last they made a move, he even coaxed the young man up to his room, and kept him there while he undressed, stopping now and again the better to devote his attention to the subject under discussion. There was still a good fire in his dressing-room grate; and, when the task of undressing was completed, he stood on the hearthrug for a last word or two. Then, sud'enly catching sight of his face in the glass, he was struck by its bilious appearance.

"I think I'll find my medicine-cabinet," he said; "I may be able to save myself a nasty liver attack to-morrow. I wonder where Hewetson keeps it? That's the worst of having a new man about you—it takes six months to learn where he puts things. I always knew poor old Evans' place for everything. You don't mind being left in the dark for a minute, Brande? Perhaps he has put the cabinet in the bed-room."

Brande, left alone in the dressing-room, stood by the fire with a very solemn expression on his good-looking face. "If I could only tell him," he was thinking—"if I could only screw up my courage and tell him! It is hard on me—confoundedly hard! I would rather lose half the estate—which he says is virtually mine, by-the-bye—than have to ask for this thousand pounds. If I could only raise the sum by any means in the world without dragging him into it!" As his worried, unsettled gaze wandered round the firelit room it was suddenly caught by the glimmer of one of the pearl studs in his uncle's shirt, which was lying across a chair-back, just as it had been thrown when taken off. "Now those studs, for instance," he thought to himself—"there lies twelve hundred pounds, ready money, bound up in an utterly useless form. How easy it would be to get the genuine things replaced by good imitation! Nobody would be any the wiser but myself and the man who made them, and what a lot of unpleasantness it would save uncle Griffiths and me! He said Lady Du Quesne would give twelve hundred pounds for them. Twelve hundred pounds!" He turned aside impatiently, so that he could not see the glitter of the pearls, and stood facing the fireplace. He could hear his uncle's muttered expletives from the next room as he moved about with the candle in his hand, searching for the medicine-cabinet. Presently Brande raised his moody eyes again, and behold! straight before him, reflected in the mirror over the mantel-shelf, shining in the firelight like beckoning, tempting fiends, were the three studs! He threw up his hands with a sudden fear as he found himself again repeating, "Twelve hundred pounds!"

His uncle's cherry voice, breaking in upon the young man's reverie at this point, made him start guiltily.

"I've found what I wanted!" cried Mr. Tennant from the next room. "Don't wait any longer, Brande; I've kept you an unconscionable time with my gossip. Good night, my boy!" Then, as Brande turned to go, he called out again, "By George—the studs! Are you there still?"

"Yes, sir."

"I've left the studs loose in my shirt, Brande; would you mind putting them away? I've got the keys here."

Brande went into the bed-room and found his uncle in bed.

"Funny! I should have forgotten to put them away to-night of all nights, after talking about them so much, wasn't it?" said Griffiths Tennant, as he handed the keys to his nephew. "You'll find the case just inside the top drawer. They won't come into light again, my boy, until they are wanted to be set for Molly."

Brande made no answer to this; he took the bunch of small bright keys in one hand and the bed-room candlestick in the other, and went back to the dressing-room, unlocked the bureau drawer, and set the candlestick down while he took the studs out of the button-holes of the shirt. There was a new at the back of each stud, and these screws in turn were secured to a strongly-made gold chain which fastened round the neck with a firm clasp.

Brande was some time unscrewing the studs. He had never had them in his hand before, and they seemed to his excited imagination to burn his fingers as he handled them. All the while he was busy with the fastenings it seemed to him that voices were whispering over his shoulder, "Twelve hundred pounds, and nobody any the wiser! No one but a fool would neglect such an opportunity! It may never occur again—make hay while the sun shines!" The whispering seemed so real that once or twice he glanced nervously behind him, under the impression that some one must be in the room with him. He began to tremble so that the task of getting the studs out took him three times as long as it ought to have done; and, before he had finished, the perspiration stood in large drops on his brow with the violence of the struggle in his mind.

At last he stood with the pearls lying in his hand, and, listening, he heard the heavy breathing of his uncle in the next room. Griffiths Tennant was asleep!

When Brande stood outside the door of his uncle's dressing-room a minute or two later, he leaned for a moment against the wall in an attitude expressive either of intense pain or exhaustion—but only for a moment; then he moved swiftly but falteringly down the corridor. There was a long window at the end, through which the pale moonlight was streaming. By this light he found his candlestick on the slab outside the dressing-room door; but he did not light it. He walked along the corridor, guiding himself by the wall as he went, more because he needed support—to judge by the unsteadiness of his gait—than because he could not see whither he was going.

When he was safely in his own room, and the door was locked, he lighted his candle and looked at himself in the toilet-glass.

"It is the face of a criminal," he muttered hoarsely, staring with positive fear at his livid cheeks and quivering lips—"the face of a criminal; and no wonder—no wonder!"

CHAPTER IV.

Taking into consideration the fact that it was not a hunting day, Brande Tennant was about remarkably early on the morning after the Lord-Lieutenant's dinner. Molly saw him from her bedroom window, in the cold gray light of the November morning, start off at a smart pace down the drive, as if he meant to take a good walk. It was only a quarter to eight, and she wondered at his unusual activity.

Whatever his errand was, it did not take him long, for he got back to the house again as the breakfast-gong sounded. On his way past the drawing-room windows he saw one of the maids busy with her brushes and pans inside. He tapped at the glass, and she admitted him.

"It will save me going round the front of the house," he said, as he thanked her; and then, stooping as he crossed the room, he picked up a closely-folded inscribed paper which the girl had just shaken out of the long hair of the hearthrug—in which it had lain since Molly dropped it from her pocket the night before. Brande unfolded the paper as he made his way to the library, where breakfast was usually served, and the first words he read were.

"If I could get my hands upon a thousand or even eight hundred pounds just now, I could purchase a partnership in a sheep-farm out here that would make me a rich man in ten years."

Turning the sheet over, Brande glanced at the signature—"Your most affectionate brother, Tim Griffiths."

"Poor Molly!" he said softly. "This was what was worrying her so all day yesterday. I wonder if she has missed it. I suppose they will always goon harassing her with all their troubles. I believe she would almost sell her life to do that boy Tim a good turn. However, this is quite out of her power. I shall write to Master Timothy and tell him not to distress her with his longings after the impossible. Good morning, Molly! Down first again!" he cried, as he entered the library, where Molly was busy among the cups and saucers. "Now here's a pretty thing and a very pretty thing," he went on, holding the letter behind him; "and what's to be done to the owner of this very pretty thing?"

But Molly put her hand upon his shoulder as he came close to her, looking up earnestly into his face; and then, instead of taking up his bantering tone, she said seriously—

"What is the matter with you, Brande? Don't you feel well this morning? You look as though you had been up all night at the death bed of a dear friend."

He flushed hotly under her steady gaze, and then turned deadly pale.

"We didn't get to bed until nearly five," he replied, in a hard tone, moving away quickly from her; "and then I didn't get any asleep. I know of no cause for looking seedy unless I have caught uncle Griffith's dyspepsia. I found this letter on the drawing-room floor."

"Oh, poor Tim's letter!" murmured Molly, slipping it quietly into her pocket. "I did not know I had dropped it."

She was proceeding to make some remark about her head having been full of another subject, but Brande's manner checked her. There was a certain air of preoccupation about him that made her feel as if any allusion to the event of the night before was almost a liberty. She returned to her tea-making with a half-suppressed sigh, and broached another subject.

"You were out betimes this morning, Brande; I saw you marching off to the village before eight o'clock."

He reddened round swiftly at this, facing her again; and the startled look he gave her almost implied that he suspected her of spying upon his actions. But she was serenely unconscious of his doubting glance, and went on methodically measuring out her cream and sugar into each cup.

"Yes," he answered slowly; "I had a troublesome headache, and I thought a smart run in the fresh air might cure it."

"It is unlike you to have a headache. Ah, here comes another one who looks almost as seedy as you!" she continued, as Griffiths Tennant entered the room. "That Moselle has done its work, uncle—you look quite hollow-eyed this morning."

"I've had a disturbed time of it since I went to bed," he returned, with a comical air of resignation. "I've caught a fearful cold to begin with—through the drive home. I suppose. Oh, Molly, my folly has found me out quickly enough this time. I've dreamt a whole circulating-library of impossibilities, and I woke up once, perished with cold and with my teeth chattering in my head and scarcely any feeling in me. If you dare to mention the word 'Moselle' to me for the next six months to come I'll forbid the banns!"

Molly laughed, and her cheeks were crimson as she looked across at Brande, who forced a smile in response. There was certainly something radically wrong with him this morning, she told herself; he, who was generally the life and soul of the table, seemed to find it an unpleasant effort to speak at all. As he evidently desired to be left alone she turned to her uncle, with the determination to divert his attention from his nephew, if possible.

"Tell us some of your dreams, uncle," she suggested, coaxingly.

"That would trouble me," he replied—"they were so distinct and confused. I only know the studs were constantly cropping up in the most astonishing way. I thought a thief was trying to get at them."

"Oh, Brande!" cried Molly, as a sudden movement on the young man's part swept his cup and saucer from the table.

"What a clumsy fellow I am!" he muttered angrily, as he rose and rang the bell to have the broken fragments cleared away. "All right—go on with your dream, uncle Griffiths. Did the thief get the studs?"

"Oh, I never got so far as that! I only knew I was continually trying to hide the wretched things, and, wherever I put them, they persisted in shining out at me in the most exasperating fashion. It was like Eugene Aram's dream, only, instead of a corpse, it was 'And still the gems were bare.'"

Molly laughed at her uncle's tragic description.

"It was our talk about them last night," she said merrily, "that set you off in that fashion; and then she gathered her keys together and went off to pay her morning visit to the housekeeper.

As she passed the side-entrance to the offices—a door with the upper half of glass—she saw a small boy standing patiently outside in the cold. She opened the door and asked him what he wanted.

For answer he unfolded a dirty little piece of calico that apparently did duty for a pocket-handkerchief, and took out a small scrap of paper.

"If you please, ma'am," he said, "the gentleman was in such a hurry this morning that he went away without the receipt; and mother has sent it up to him."

"What gentleman? What receipt?" she asked, looking at the paper inquiringly. "Oh, a receipt for a registered letter!" she went on, as she read a name beginning with "Heffer" and ending with a meaningless hieroglyphic, and the address "Cross Street, Haymarket, London." "You're the boy from the post office, aren't you? Who am I to give this to? Who brought the letter?"

"Mr. Brande, if you please, ma'am; and it wasn't a letter—it was a box."

"Very good. I'll see to it," she told him, producing some pennies from her key-basket for him. "That's odd of Brande," she said to herself, as she went on to the housekeeper's room with the receipt in her hand. "Why should he make a mystery of such a trifling thing—why not say he had been to the post-office when I spoke of his early walk just now?"

She folded the slip of paper and put it into her purse with a feeling akin to vexation, and then proceeded to her daily discussion with Mrs. Price. Here she was met by a fresh annoyance. The old servant had fallen foul of the new. Mrs. Price, who had been housekeeper at Bryn-mawr for the past twenty-five years, had declared war against Hewetson from the very first, and had been secretly watching and hoping for a chance of getting rid of him, and now the opportunity had come.

Molly had gone through the usual form of giving orders—a mere form at best, since it always ended in Mrs. Price doing exactly as she liked—when the old lady began.

"Hewetson must go, miss—he must go at once!"

"But why?" inquired Molly, taken aback by the suddenness of the attack.

"Well, miss, I'll tell you why, though I would rather you did not mention it to the master or Mr. Brande—it would vex them terribly, I know. The empty-headed ninny has been setting it about all through the servants' hall this morning that he saw a ghost in the south corridor last night."

"But surely you won't send him away for that!" cried Molly.

"Not for that alone," answered Mrs. Price; "but he won't tell me what he was doing in the south corridor last night after the master had dismissed him. If there is one thing more than another likely to create mischief in a house, it is a prying servant. I've told him that, if he can't give a satisfactory reason for his being in the south corridor, he will have to go; and he answered me saucy to my face that he would rather go than stay. He had no liking for haunted houses, he said, and he would clear out to-day if I liked. In fact Miss Griffiths, he was right-down insolent—seemed as if he was doing it on purpose to be turned out; so I told him to go and pack his box. Now, if you would be so good as to ask the master for a check for him, I'll be obliged. Here is his account. I've checked it carefully, and it is quite right. We must make shift with the girls for a day or two until I can get the character of a man I've had my eye on for the last fortnight."

Molly took the carefully-prepared document from the housekeeper, and stood for a few moments fidgeting with the paper, as if she had something to say and did not quite know how to say it.

"So Hewetson saw the ghost last night!" she observed presently, in a way that made Mrs. Price think she was rather amused at the notion.

"So he says, miss, answered the housekeeper scornfully; but he is a silly sort of man at the best of times—rather given to drink, I'm afraid, and full of scares and mares' nests. Why, last night, after the master had retired, he came in here to me with a face as full of wonder as a child's at a fair, and told me that he'd heard the master say that the money he was driving were worth twelve hundred pounds! 'And him driving by himself along that lonely road!' he said. 'You mark my words, Mrs. Price—the master will be murdered for them pearls one of these days if he don't take better care of them than that.' I told him to look after his own business, miss, and to leave the master's alone."

"Let me see," said Molly reflectively, in a bantering tone—"when this terrible ghost appears, it is supposed to be a portent to the Bryn-mawr family, isn't it?—I mean, a sign that some harm is going to happen to some of the Tennants?"

"I believe they used to say something of the sort in the olden days, miss," said Mrs. Price, in an apologetic tone; "and that was one of the reasons why I was so mad with Hewetson for starting the scare again."

After this, Molly left the housekeeper's room with a troubled expression, her delicate brows contracted as though if thought power of the family ghost meant that Brande's proposal to herself was to work him harm.

(To be Continued.)

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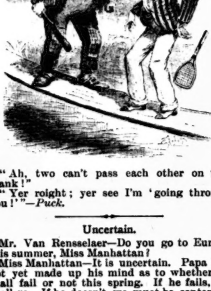
More Than One Way.



"Ah, two can't pass each other on this place!"

"Yer right; yer see I'm 'going through you!'"—*Puck.*

Uncertain.

Mr. Van Rensselaer—Do you go to Europe this summer, Miss Manhattan?

Miss Manhattan—It is uncertain. Papa has not yet made up his mind as to whether he shall fall or not this spring. If he fails, we shall go. If he doesn't, we must be contented with Long Branch or Cape May. My own impression is that he will not fall this year, but hold over until next spring. By that plan he would make a great deal more, and we could remain abroad for two or three years.

At the Zoo.

Mrs. Gallagher—Jamesey!
Mr. Gallagher—Norah!
Mrs. Gallagher—Will yez git an t' th' agle wid th' mumps?—*Judge.*

Seeing Would Spoil It.

Professional versifier—You sent for me, I believe, sir; is there anything I can do for you?

Mr. Browne-Smith—Yes. I want you to write a poem on my wife's birthday—in your best style.

Professional versifier—Certainly. Would you allow me to see your good lady first?

Mr. Browne-Smith—Heavens, no! you will make nothing of it, if you do!

That Settled It.

"And are you really going to marry that Miss English, Jack?"

"Ah, no, my boy."

"Why, I thought the affair was about settled."

"You've hit it exactly, dear boy. It was about settled, but, as it had nothing to settle upon anyone, there was nothing to be settled, don't you see, so that settled it."

A Hotel Improvement.

At one of the country hotels, after the fourth or fifth execrable meal, I determined to speak to the landlord. He was a mild-mannered man, and I beckoned him out behind the house and began with:

"Sir, do you realize that you are keeping one of the poorest, meanest hotels in all Tennessee?"

"Wh, no!" he exclaimed in great surprise.

"You have the poorest beds I ever slept in, and I've slept in a hog-pen once or twice."

"You don't say!"

"Your cook ought to be killed with a club, and your cross-eyed waiter should have been in the grave long ago.

"Well! Well!"

"How you have managed to get along and keep the place beats me. I don't want to be mean, but I want to ask you if you can't improve things a little?"

"I can, and I'll cheerfully do it, sir."

"It's for your benefit to please your guests, of course?"

"Of course it is, and I'm bound to do it. I'll make an improvement in less than half an hour."

In about twenty minutes he came around to me on the veranda, smiling and rubbing his hands, and said:

"Well, I've made it. I've cut the cook's wages down a dollar a month and wrapped that cross-eyed nigger waiter off for a lame wench! Bet your life things have got to go different here, if it costs every cent I take in. Can you suggest anything else?"

Recalling Past Favors.

Tramp (to editor who is hurrying past)—I say, couldn't you help me a little, please? I gave you a lift once.

Editor—What do you mean, fellow?

Tramp—Don't you remember that burglary by Jim Crackitt and his pals some years ago?

Editor—Yes.

Tramp—And how your reports of it set the *Clarion's* circulation a-boomin'?

Editor—Yes.

Tramp—Well, I'm Jim!

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The Girl of To-Day.

If there is one thing which will be apt to afflict the reader of the future with mental nausea, it will surely be the never-ending advice given by writers of the present to the girl of to-day as to how she should conduct herself in public and in private. We have nothing but respectful admiration for our forbears, and we revere the sainted memories of our grandames, if only for the simple fact that they gave us our incomparable mothers. At the same time we have a shrewd suspicion that true womanhood has never been more perfectly exemplified than it is during the present year of grace. And if the truth must be confessed, it is just possible that the much-boasted woman of bygone years, if weighed in the balance with her sister of today, might be found wanting. We do not profess to be connoisseurs in the matter, and some caution should necessarily be exercised in accepting our opinion, but nevertheless we have to confess to believing that the girl of the period is at least the equal of those who have played their part so gracefully in bygone years.

Sunday Preaching in the Park.

If the action of the City Council in prohibiting the use of the stand in the Queen's Park on Sundays is only to be the means of staying the lungs of our Sunday orators in that particular part of the park, we fail to see any very material benefit in such action. As we have remarked in a previous number, the disputants who gather in the Park on these Sabbath afternoons are not met to be convinced. The only apparent end they have in view is to laud their own party and besmirch the opposite one with the foulest abuse. Hence that party is generally victorious which has the largest stock of dirt on hand.

One of the principal arguments used by these self-styled champions of orthodoxy is that the Church, by reason of the iceberg-like propriety of its services, fails to attract the masses. But if these people imagine the latter are to be attracted by the messes which have been dished up during the past few Sundays, they will soon have to make up to the idea that the mass requires something more than empty bombast to satisfy its craving for more light on the hereafter.

That any good is achieved by these itinerant spouters, we have never been able to believe, but so long as they are not a nuisance to the surrounding people we should be loth to advocate any interference. Of late, however, the language of some of the speakers has been so shockingly intemperate, and in one or two instances so blasphemous, we cannot help feeling that while civil and religious liberty are high sounding terms, yet we prefer the peace and quiet of restriction when the latter assures us the absence of blasphemy, ignorance and blatant egotism.

Selfishness in Public Places.

It is almost unnecessary to state that all men are more or less selfish, for selfishness is one of the weaknesses which poor human nature is especially an heir to, and one which is most unmistakably brought before our notice from day to day. The selfishness of many is held in check by various influences, but some there are among us whose innate selfishness knows no check either in public or in private life. During these hot summer months we are all constantly brought face to face with the individual on the boat who monopolises a larger share of sitting-room than three men are ordinarily entitled to. So deeply ingrained is his selfishness, you are assured that his blaze of uncontrollable indignation is no counterfeit when you remind him of your claim to a fair share of the seating capacity of the boat.

Similar conduct is an everyday affair in the railway cars, in fact, selfishness on the latter is condoned by popular observance, and, in consequence, redress is almost a matter of impossibility.

Our much abused street-car service probably offers the display of less selfishness and more good-natured forbearance than many people are willing to admit. It is just possible that in this matter forbearance trends very much on the verge of weakness, and the general public by sacrificing its own comfort a little less might secure a little more at the hands of the owners of our street-car service.

Nor are our church people altogether exempt from the charge of selfishness. Many a stranger in Toronto, or, for that matter, many a citizen, has been made to feel that he is a most unwelcome intruder when fate and the forgetful verger have put him into the family pew of one of the salt of the earth. A certain citizen relates with much glee, the badly smothered indignation of a leading man in one of our big city churches when the latter arrived and found our informant sitting comfortably in the seat usually occupied by Georgius Midas. But the former didn't flinch from the situation, he coolly surveyed the new arrival, and—kept his seat. When mentioning the circumstance he never fails to remark: "You know I enjoyed it none the less when I remembered that Midas' father was my grandfather's undergardener." This form of church selfishness, it must be confessed, obtains less and less as the years go by, and men realize more fully the gentle teachings of the lowly Nazarene.

The visitors to Grimsby Camp all express their delight at the musical services, which are conducted by Mr. Warrington, who has a choir of some eighty voices in his charge, with whom the echoes are awakened to the strains of the songs and solos dear to the campers. Mr. Warrington is robust and vigorous in his leading, not hesitating to call up the stragglers in the midst of a service by such exhortations as "Hurry up! You are dragging!" "Quicker now! Lively!" Those of us who have sung in choruses know how electric a call like this is, however much it may detract from the dignity of a performance or service, and however regardless it may be of that self-esteem which is so pronounced a characteristic of us musical people.

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This matter of music at the semi-religious summer resorts is becoming recognized as a most important factor in their success. At Chautauqua music has always held a prominent position among the attractions, and this year more attention has been paid to this department than ever. This is as it should be, for music is the one science or art, or both combined, in which the campers or visitors can be both amusers and amused. While the musical exercises instruct both performers and auditors they divert both to a still greater extent, and before the charms of music the graver subjects of literature and philosophy pall upon these summer academicians. The only question is whether the music chosen is good enough, and whether the system of teaching is so thorough that it shall be able to stand without giving ways to the necessity of providing some display for the frequenters. However, as these affairs are run with a view rather to their pecuniary success than to their artistic or academic thoroughness, visitors know pretty well what they will get, and have to take it accordingly.

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At the Niagara Chatauqua Mr. J. Depew conducted a very good chorus to a very good result, and his son Arthur conducted a very fair orchestra of thirteen pieces to the satisfaction of all visitors. During the session a number of visitors, as well as residents of the grounds, assisted in the programmes, and some really good music was presented. The summer resorts in our immediate neighborhood, such as Long Branch, Lorne Park and Victoria Park, have not been very active in the matter of music, though one would suppose that the lesson taught by the crowds that flock to the Island to hear the Citizens' Band and to the parks on band nights might have been laid to heart. The resort that makes a specialty of good evening music next summer will catch the crowd.

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While on this subject, it might not be amiss to suggest that as the City Council has had an opportunity to see the public appreciation of its efforts in the direction of free open-air music, it will next year enlarge the sphere of its endeavors and give a series of afternoon concerts in the parks. While there are thousands who have been delighted on summer evenings this year, there are tens of thousands of children and mothers who, owing to the late hours, are excluded from participation in this pleasure, to whom these afternoon concerts would be an almost priceless boon. Let anyone see the thousands of children—aye—and children of greater growth who line the streets when a procession is expected, and see the joy and delight on every face as the bands pass, and he will have the key to the whole question. Music, free music at that, is as much the right of the child as of the adult, and is even a greater educator to the former than to the latter. Therefore give the little ones music at an hour when domestic discipline and comfort are not infringed by taking the family to the parks "to hear the band."

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Twenty-five years ago, when the regular regiments were in garrison here, the bands played in the Queen's Park nearly every Saturday afternoon, and frequently on Wednesdays, and the space was crowded with little ones and their parents. Contrast the innocence of these recreations with the noise and rowdyism of those carried on at later hours, and with the incentive the latter offer to children of tender years to run off to the concerts in spite of parental prohibitions, with all the concomitant evils of late hours, away from supervision and authorities. Weigh this, Messieurs the Aldermen, and next year give the children some concerts.

METRONOME.

To M. L.

For Saturday Night.

As merciful as Christ, as meek is she,
From her forgiveness like a stream doth flow,
And her sweet goodness cometh noiselessly
And quiet as the silent fall of snow.

Breathing the gentleness of hope and prayer,
The resignation of a spotless soul,
Which yet has known and vanquished woe and care
And holds them but by virtue in control.

My thoughts and my affections here I lay—
Despise them not since they are all I have—
Before thee; spurn, oh spurn them not!
Than these there's nothing more beyond the grave.

The treasures of a mind so paltry now
May one day to a greater worth lay claim;
Then would I wave a laurel for my brow
And crown thee deathless in the realms of fame.

D. D. S.

Woman.

Martin Luther said: "Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart when it is the abode of pity." Michlet said: "Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy—the salt of his life." John Adams said: "All that I am my mother made me." Lord Lansdowne said: "If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other, the world would kick the beam." The Arabs say: "One may get a hundred wives, but he can never get but one mother; therefore a mother is equal to a hundred wives." But Leopard Scheffer has it better yet when he says: "But one thing on earth is better than the wife; that is the mother."

The season of 1888-89 opened last Monday at the Toronto Opera House by the presentation of the four-act melodrama, Under the Lash. This play is no infant in swaddling clothes, being well-known to the average playgoer, and is one which, if it fails to reach any very lofty level, is bound to give unlimited satisfaction to the gentlemen of the gallery. The pulling down of the villain, Franzetti, by Hero, the faithful dog of Harry Burton, the Adam's Express messenger, brought down the house, and gave rise to repeated re-calls. To give credit where credit is due, I am bound to confess that Hero struck me as being the best actor in the company. Harry T. Leonard as Nimrod Keys, a colored aspirant for the ranks of "the finest" was occasionally funny, as was Edward Haley in the character of McShane of the New York "reform." Walter S. Sanford as Harry Burton may in time make a presentable player, but he has much to learn, not the least of which is the art of speaking slowly and distinctly. It does strike me as a most peculiar thing that so many of our players fail to grasp the idea that the awfully severe onslaughts which are nightly made on the impossibilities detract from their efforts in more legitimate channels. If the black brow'd villains who are bound to hear the conversation of their betters would only check their feverish anxiety sufficiently to keep them from crossing the line of sight of the object of their espionage, the laws of probability would not be offended so outrageously as they are at present. But I forget. Under the Lash was evidently not written with criticism in view. At any rate, it gave much delight to the audience on Monday night. Perhaps this is not saying much for the dramatic taste of the audience, but it is nevertheless true.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Joseph Jefferson has already written his reminiscences of the stage, but he has not decided when, or just how, to publish them. Mr. Jefferson is a delightful talker, and the little that is known of his writings has been quite equal to his conversation. It is not only his anecdotes that will be interesting; his comments on the stage and acting will have great value.

George H. Adams and Frank Holland were standing outside a soda water resort, when a ragged little boy came up and asked for two cents. "Go home," quoth Mr. Adams, "your mother may need you." "I ain't got no mother," was the reply. "Well," said Mr. Adams, as he gave the boy a dime, "what kind of a man must your father be to let you beg like this?" "He ain't a man," answered the boy, surprised, "he's an actor."

Carl Formes, the basso, who is about to return from Europe to San Francisco, his adopted home, and who is now 75 years of age, traveled from the Pacific slope to London without stopping en route, and immediately upon his arrival in the latter city sang at the Crystal Palace before an audience of 10,000 persons, who had been attracted by his name, in such a manner as to receive applause from public and orchestra which lasted three minutes. He was the greatest Marcel in Meyerbeer's Huguenots.

New York *Sun:* Edwin Booth's only daughter, Mrs. Grossman, is petite, with pale, sweet face and childlike manners. She is wholly domestic, absorbed in her husband, children and father. Mr. Grossman is a Hungarian, and speaks with a strong foreign accent. He has dark eyes and prematurely gray hair, and is tenderly lover-like in his manner to his wife always. The oldest child, Mildred, not yet three, has the Booth eyes and a tragic face even in her babyhood. The baby, seventeen months old, bids fair to astonish the world and the tragic Booth family by becoming a comedian. He astonishes his grandfather even now by his remarkable feats of mimicry.

New York *Herald:* London gossips are puzzled over the identity of a pretty girl who drives in Rotten Row in carriages emblazoned with the crest of the Duke of Portland. It might ease their anxiety to know that the fair-haired beauty is none other than Miss Jennie McNulty, who played ducks and drakes with dudish hearts when with the Adonis company at the Bijou. Josie Hall wedded to a German Baron, Miss McNulty sporting the arms of the house of Portland, Adelaide Detchon whistling her way into the company of lords, the gypsy-like De Lussa caroling a career for herself among the belles and blades of Belgravia, Mary Anderson declining coronets as disdainfully as though they were stale buns, Martinot snubbing Princes from the door of her Paris salon—what a great people we are, to be sure!

"Speaking of the stage," writes Brunswick to the Boston *Globe*, "I met Kate Claxton on the train coming from her summer home at Larchmont, on the Sound, the other day. How is it that these theatrical people keep their youthful appearance? Miss Claxton did not look a day older than when I first saw her as one of the famous "Two Orphans," when that popular play was first produced at the Union Square Theater so many years ago. Her hair is still the wonderful color of those days, and she wears it in almost the same unconventional way. Her eyes, too, are just the same color as her hair, a bronze red, which looks black at night. Her husband, Charley Stevenson, is a devoted yachtsman, and used to be Commodore of the Larchmont Club. He is still a member of the organization. The Stevensons are a very domestic couple they have had five children, boys, during their married life, and only one is living, a sturdy little fellow of six, who, dressed in a sailor suit, may be daily seen riding his tricycle over the hard sand on Larchmont Beach."

Carl Dunder.

"Vhell, Sergeant," saluted Mr. Dunder in a lively way as he entered the Central Station yesterday to pay his respects to Sergt. Bendal.

"Oh, it's you."

"Yes, she vhas me. I like to have some talk mit you."

"Anything wrong?"

"No, sir. Everything vhas all o. j., ash der Yankee says."

"O. k. you mean. Been away!"

"I vhas in Cleveland. Yes, sir, I go down to Cleveland und come back alone."

"And didn't get swindled! Well, I declare!"

"Sergeant, vhas I green as grass? Vhas I some idiots? Vhas I crazy? Vhas I der greenest Dutchmans in all Amerika?"

"I've sometimes thought so, Mr. Dunder."

"Vhell, maybe I vhas green sometime ago, but dot vhas all gone. I haf to learn der country und der people, you know! Maype I vhas not some razors, but I know how to take care of myself shust like a Yankee—ha! ha! ha!"

"You feel pretty jolly."

"Vhell, dot's so! Maype I vhas sharper ash a Yankee. Hey?"

"Tell me all about it."

"Vhell, pefore I goes avhay caferypody telle me to look outt for some confidence man. I keep dot in mind. Vhen I vhas in Toledo a man comes by me und says: 'She vhas a werry hot day!' I shpot him for a confidence man so quick ash dot, und I tells him: 'If you doan'tly avhay I'll knock you oafer to last week!' He goes. He finds outt dot I vhas no haystack."

"That was good."

"Vhen I goes by der train from Toledo a shentleman takes a seat beside me. He vhas an awfed nice man, but he haf some bad luck. Somepody robs him of $300 in a sleeping car. Dot makes him dead broke, und maype he doan' get outt of Cleveland. Vhell, dot vhas too badt, und pooty soon he says he shall pawn his diamond pin."

"The one you have on?"

"Dot vhas her. He buys her in California for $600, but if somebody lend him $30 he can hold it two weeks. If he doan come mit der money dot pin vhas mine."

"I see, it's very old."

"Old? Vhas dot diamond old? It makes no deference how old he vhas."

"Well?"

"Vhell, dot secures me und I vhas all right. If I hold $600 he vhill come und pay me $30. It vhas singular dot he trust me so, but he says he can read my face like some books."

"So can I. Did you tell him you lived in Detroit?"

"I—I—maybe I said Toledo!" stammered Mr. Dunder.

"I presume so. You wanted that pin for $30."

"Vhell, if he doan' come, of course. Pooty soon he goes oudt to shpeak mit der engineer aboudt running so fast, und some ouder man comes in. He vhas a shentlemans too. He knows me right away. He says: 'Vhell! vhell! but how vhas you, Mr. Dunder, und did you see my fadder lately? His fadder vhas Mr. Hurdlebacker, who owns der First National Bank."

"Oh! he does! Go on."

"Vhell, his fadder sends him $2,000 by express, but he doan' get her. He owes a party on der train $40, und if I like to take a check for $50 and lend him $40 he was so mooch obliged dot he can't keep still."

"And you did?"

"Doan' I like to make ten dollar? Do you pelief dot nopody but a Yankee likes money? I makes ten dollar by dot check and more ash $500 on dot diamond. Greenhorns, eh? Hayseed, eh? Maype I can come in vhen she rains—ha! ha! ha!"

It took the sergeant a quarter of an hour to convince Mr. Dunder that he had "let go" again, and, when he fully realized it, he said:

"Sergeant, gaze by my eye! You vhas right. I vhas so green dot somepody shteals off my eye-winkers. I doan' know so much as cabbages. In der morning——"

"What?"

"Please see dot der papers say dot I vhas an eminent citizen, a great patriot und a friend of humanity, und dot I died happy. Farewell, Sergeant! I go hence some more in the sweet bye-and-bye!"

An August Evening on the Front Stoop.

"Isn't it warm?"

"Isn't it dreadful?"

"Oh, don't come out in that horrid wrapper, Lou!"

"Well, I'm not going to get into a dress such a night as this, thank you!"

"Do sit back, then. Some one may call."

"Who cares? Harry! Harry, tell Bridget to bring some fans. There is a lot in my room by the lounge. How did you ever get along down town, George?"

"Gracious!"

"Well, I just lay on the lounge all day and drank ice-water. Actually, I could not move around. Oh, are you going to smoke? Harry, tell Bridget to bring papa some matches. Blow the smoke this way—the mosquitos are buzzing 'round me so."

"Have one, Tom?"

"I've got cigarettes here, thanks. Whew! it is warm!"

"Isn't it? And the idea of having to eat a warm dinner such a day!"

"Almost as bad as having to cook it."

"My! who's that? Oh, the Russells, I declare! (There Lou; now, you see!) Good evening! Did you really have courage—such weather!"

"Hello, Ed! Hello, Tom! Hello, George!"

"Good evening. How do you do? Trying to get a breath of air?"

"Harry, tell Bridget to get some more chairs."

"Oh, never mind! I like the step. May I share your door-mat, Miss Louise?"

"But please don't look at me. I'm such a fright."

"That so? Frights are very nice to look at, then."

"Well, how did you get along to-day? Yes, wasn't it? Most awful."

"A scorcher, sure enough."

"Harry, tell Bridget to make some more lemonade."

"Have this fan?"

"Have a cigar?"

"Have a cigarette?"

"I don't think I slept an hour last night. Jack and Helen went down the bay."

"It was awful."

"You slept?"

"Not much."

"May be you didn't. People don't know when they're asleep. They only know when they're awake, and they like to make other people know it."

"I didn't. I was very quiet."

"I heard it strike two just before you opened the shutters that time."

"Two! it was half-past four."

"Dear me, I did hope for a shower this afternoon! I do hope it may rain to-night. Really, to-day I suffered. I never felt the heat so intense."

"Heat! don't talk about it!" (But they do talk about it, and they talk about nothing else, till 11 p.m. and the next evening they begin over the same subject.)

Had Lots of Horses.

A society conversation—Millie, dear, what is the name of your affianced?

"Why, Clara, don't you know? It's Herbert Montague."

"Oh, how sweet! Is he rich?"

"Well off."

"And keeps a carriage?"

"Several of them."

"How nice! And fine horses, I suppose

"Yes."

"And what is his business, dear?"

"He keeps a livery stable."

"Oh!"

Laughin' Sam.

Ever hear tell of Laughin' Sam,
Highway robber an' Deadwood "gram?"

Sam was full of his playful tricks
'Long in the winter of '76.

Played it low on a heap o' folks,
Allers a-workin' his practical jokes.

Sly as a coon, an' quaint, an' droll
Couldn't help jokin' to save his soul.

Hadn't his ekel at sledge or draw,
Slickest fakir you ever saw.

Fellow o'th here named Hungry Jim
Thought he could get away with him;

(Jim ran the bar of the Free-for-All—
Plenty of nerve an' lots of gall.)

Tackled him once at a game for fun,
Disremember how much Sam won,

Naturally, Hungry Jim went broke,
Swore 'at he wouldn't stand the joke;

Swore 'at he'd r'iddle Sam with a ball
'F he ever set foot in the Free-for-All.

Sam, he knowed 'at he'd do it, too,
An' he works up a joke on a sheeny Jew.

Gets him ter put on his overcoat,
Turns up the collar around his throat;

(Sam wore an ulster 'at every one knew,
Great big checkers all striped with blue.)

Pulls down his hat over his face,
Tells him ter mosey ter Hungry Jim's place.

Fooled that sheeny the slickest way,
Said 'twas a joke 'at he meant ter play.

Sheeny went swaggerin' up ter the door,
Give it a kick, an' then before

He opened his mouth to take a drain,
Plum went a bullet through his brain,

Sam he'd figgered on seein' Jim
Swing by the neck ter the nearest limb;

But the law, you see, is a fickle jade,
An' this is the little joke she played:

Soon as the boys diskivered the hoax
They swore it was time to stop such jokes;

They told him plainly he'd hev ter quit
An' gin him a half an hour ter "git."

While on for Jim, they found a way ter
Elect the cuss ter the legislater.

—*Sam T. Clover.*

Moloney's Lament.

O Tim, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the papers report?
They're goan to recall the Liffinists,
And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate country of Oireland,
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now having murdthered our counthry,
They're goin' to kill the Viceroy,
Dear boy;
'Twas he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behould him,
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked hat from the windies
And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?
I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining wid shtripes and wid stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the cyars,
Like Mars,
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell exiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilids you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin'
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peopers,
Across the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liffinists
Of the oisland of Seenta has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen—she should better behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Shtreet,
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarte,
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In shtrains,
It's thus thatould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of poophin,
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
Eight shillings a yard tablieu,
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divil a yard will she get;
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They'd daylings with Madam O'Riggs;
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs.
When Spring, with its buds and its daisies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
Becase there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the coine-napies, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liffinint's Coort.
But now that the quality's goin',
I warnt that the aising will stop,
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The divil a bite or a dishrop,
Or chop;
And the butcher may shut up his shop

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin',
And his Lordship, the dear boosom man,
And the Duchess, his femishle leedy,
And Corry, the bould Connellan,
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,
And the Chewter and Governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes—
Oh, murther, but what shall I dus
Without you?
O Meary, with oils of the blue.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

Here and There.

AT EVENTIDE.

It was the pensive hour of Eventide,
When the last beams the western hill tops greet,
And a loved sister lingered by my side,
The waves of ocean murm'ring at our feet.

Calmly yon waters roll'd their silver flood,
As we twain read at sunset's parting hour,
Sweet was the perfume of the opening bud,
But oh! how fair to me the blossom'd flower.

And through glad seasons we were wont to roam,
By the Nine Sisters' pathway, hand in hand,
Till Heav'n—weep not, my heart, had call'd her home,
To the far mansions of the Better Land.

For they on whom the gods have smiled, die young,
And short their travail in this vale of tears,
Not theirs the darken'd hour when earth has flung
Its solemn shadows o'er the coming years.

And I, way-worn by stress of weary years,
Stand by Death's shore at Life's calm Eventide,
Soon we shall walk beyond this vale of tears,
In the unclouded splendor—side by side.

H. K. C.

* * *

There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth regarding the stony-heartedness of the city council in closing up the Queen's Park band-stand during Sunday.

* * *

But without entering into details on the merits of this question it must in all fairness be conceded that the council has acted most wisely in ruling out the champions of orthodoxy as well as those who are opposed to the followers of Him of Nazareth, in this matter. To have done otherwise would have made a most invidious distinction as well as a fatal mistake. Had the band-stand been permitted to the party of religion, and denied to the others, the cry of equal rights to all would have been raised, and a false sympathy excited on behalf of the freethinkers.

* * *

The average park lounger may, and probably does regret the change, but, I take it, the general public will be heartily glad of the action of our city fathers.

* * *

Surely there is no truth in the malapropism which comes to us with all the sweetness and light of a Queen's Royal Hop encircling the bewitching *naivete* of the following: "It's awfully nice to come down here," she said, "but the air is too *stipulating* for me, I have only been here a week, and my *cistern* is out of order already." This is really worse than Mary, the housemaid, who, shortly after entering the dance-room at a servants' ball, was asked if her *programme* was full, and replied, with indignant tears, that it was not, "for I 'aven't 'ad a bite to heat yet!"

* * *

The true inwardness of the Duke of Sutherland's disinclination towards another American tour appears to be that His Grace when last on this continent was accompanied by a *lady* whose claim to the ducal strawberries has never been sanctioned by Mother Church, but who was, nevertheless, received in one or two houses, until the turn came for Mr. Cassatt, a vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, to do the civil thing towards His Grace, who is, by-the-by, a large shareholder in Pennsylvania stock.

* * *

Other houses had received the Duke's traveling companion on equal terms, and somewhat naturally the Vice-President of the Pennsylvania road had no hesitation in telegraphing his wife the news of the impending visit of the Duke and —— to dinner. But Mrs. Cassatt is a Buchanan and a relative of the President of that name, and the reply she wired in response read, "Glad to see the Duke, but the woman must not come nearer the house than the stables."

* * *

The advent of Mrs. Vanderbilt and the new Duchess of Marlborough and the splendid show of jewels made by each, has touched the pride of the English peeresses to the quick, and a combined effort has been made to outshine the new comers in the way of brilliants. Even the Princess of Wales has not been superior to this feeling, and, not willing to be surpassed by foreigners in her own country, has piled on stars, crescents, orders, necklaces and coronets till, on most of her public appearances, she has fairly blazed with gems, after the manner of her sister the Czarina, who always appears at her court functions crusted with precious stones. The *ci-devant* Mrs. Hammersley, in addition to her own, has the Marlborough family jewels which, fortunately for her, are entailed, or they would certainly have been disposed of ere this to provide money for the ducal scapegoat who is now her lord and master. Some of these Marlborough brilliants are splendid, being the gifts to Sarah, the first duchess, from her mistress, Queen Anne.

* * *

But whilst a certain section of so-called English society has taken Marlborough, metaphorically speaking, into its arms, he has yet to contend with the social influence of the relatives of those two women whose blighted lives and ruined hopes lie at the door of this shameless bridegroom. The Duke's divorced wife, the Marchioness of Blandford, is a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, as everyone knows, and the Countess of Aylesford, with whom the insatiable sensualist lived as man and wife in Paris during Lord Aylesford's life-time, is closely related to a late colonel of the Blues, and a man of great wealth and high position. That the social influence of these two families will be bitterly hostile to the Duke and his bride is amongst the probable events of the future.

ST. GEORGE.

Random Shots.

TO AND FRO IN THE NOR'-WEST.

For Saturday Night.

When good, respectable folks whose lives are worth saving get sick the medicos, as a general thing, advise a change, and said change is generally either beneficial or fatal in short order. Now it seems to me, looking at the thing professionally, that those unfortunates who were doomed to read Random Casts a fortnight ago will at once see the necessity for a little variety—therefore do I present unto them most humbly the following few scattered leaves from Dame Nature's grand old portfolio. The average reader, whose sole occupation is to obtain sufficient of the staff of life to lean on and give five cents a Sunday to his church, and miss going four Sundays per month, has but a very faint idea of the wonders of out-of-the-way corners of this queer old world. To them the world is a city on Lake Ontario, a struggle to find a five-cent cigar that looks dark enough for a "tenner" and a vain effort to forget there are bells on street cars before twelve p.m., and a few other things not worthy of special mention. That is their world. But to the man of broader mind, to the deep thinker, the world is a different matter. He knows that a grandly mysterious Power has created manifold and wondrous things for man's comfort or study; he knows that the grandest cathedral where human atoms can worship is roofed with the starlit dome of immeasurable space, that the organ best worth listening to is nature's own, when the surf thunders its bass against the barriers of a rocky coast and the spirit of the storm wakes the treble amid the swaying, soughing pines; where the devotee can wander down boundless aisles, pick any pew he chooses, lie down if he likes and not have his sacred meditations interrupted by a severe looking party coming round and asking him to make his ante good or quit the game. Taking it for granted that the reader will admit the force of this reasoning we will proceed to business. I firmly believe that when a person has learned an important secret he should at once give his fellows the benefit of his knowledge. Woman has followed this line for centuries with good results, and though the telegraph and telephone have narrowed down her sphere of usefulness somewhat, still there is room for all for a few years yet. Now for some of the confidences Dame Nature has bestowed upon me. It must be borne in mind that all illustrations are from life, compiled by a competent architect and therefore thoroughly trustworthy, down to the minutest detail. Indeed, de tail is the principal end of the majority of them.

Between here and the Rocky Mountains, which is as far as this article will extend, owing to pressure on these columns, lies a tract of little known country but a great field for an observing sportsman. Beasts, weird, wild and of primitive methods inhabit this region, and beginning at what is called the great Pine Belt, we naturally find the porcupine. Toying idly with a pen holder, embroidered with a pattern like a convict's jacket, and which was originally worn by one of these animals, touches a responsive chord and straightway my mind flies back to the first meeting with this species. I was equipped with a dry-plate, snap-shutter outfit, and the porcupines never having been at a fashionable summer resort didn't know the full wickedness of an amateur photographer. He had evidently been pining for her, and so had sharpened up a quill and penned a message on a bit of snowy birch bark, and while the old man took his afternoon siesta, she kept the tryst in a lonely woodland dell. They—but why retell the old, old story.

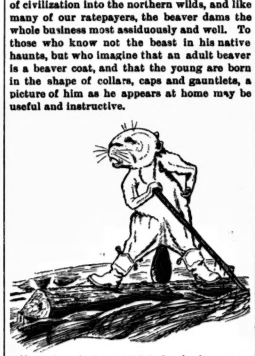
I snapped the shutter and turned away; but imagine the bold, bad fellow succeeded, as when I last saw them she had to either give up or *lose it*, and never did one of her sex do that. If it wasn't for having to wear a lot of painted meat-skivers in a fellow's hair and live on roots and pine bark *au naturel*, with resin sauce, being a porcupine would offer all the advantages of modern society without many of its drawbacks.

* * *

Passing northward, we reach the moose country. He is the king of all Canadian beasts and bears, the stamp of a thoroughbred in every inch of his royal presence. The aristocratic nose, the reserved manner and general ugliness, all betray his royal breeding, and in addition to this I have noticed no slight resemblance in his profile to one of the Prince of Wales' hopefuls. The moose is pre-eminently a temperance beast, but not from choice. Nature has bountifully supplied him with horns, but, wiser than man, so ordained it that they should go directly to his head, and there they are and there they stay, and never a one of 'em goes into his mouth, and a burning shame say I, for they're great big horns, regular stiff 'uns withal. The subject of this illustration never had a taste of their quality, but he looked as though he might confer that favor on me, so I rigged the camera and took him, horns and all, and then vamoosed the premises.

There are drawbacks to moose life. All through the hot season he enjoys what is vulgarly termed "a fly old time," but finds little real pleasure in it. In fact the insects, as a rule, are altogether too fly for him, and he generally buries his royal person in water to escape their courtier-like fawning and possibly consoles himself with the thought that it's winter seven months in the year in his dominions.

We now come to a very queer but interesting little animal, i.e., the emblem of our country, the famous but profane beaver. He is a wonderful animal, thrifty, clever, industrious, and not half a bad emblem, but withal very profane. Beaver dams have become historical for their solidity and the earnestness with which they are voiced, but his profanity will be at once pardoned by the thoughtful citizen, when it is explained that they are only raised against the water commissioners of his district. Defective reservoirs and failing water supply are not alone confined to Toronto. They have penetrated in advance of civilization into the northern wilds, and like many of our ratepayers, the beaver dams the whole business most assiduously and well. To those who know not the beast in his native haunts, but who imagine that an adult beaver is a beaver coat, and that the young are born in the shape of collars, caps and gauntlets, a picture of him as he appears at home may be useful and instructive.



He is largely interested in lumbering operations and the picture was secured at a critical juncture when he was first confronted with a notice that he couldn't use the water after a certain hour, and was considering the advisability of damming the reservoir and all connected with it once more.

* * *

"Passing along to the west," as the syren-tongued expounder of the Battle of Sedan puts it, we will make a clean jump over several vast territories and reach the base of the giant "Rockies." We pass over many interesting features, but something has to be left for the return trip, for no power on earth would induce us to stay in that country, and the first animal of note is the famous grizzly bear, and he has but one note and it matures at sight and means war! He is the renowned "silver tip," and as ugly, ornery a brute as ever lived. There are only two worse "tips" known, one is a tip over a precipice and the other a tip on the stock exchange, and both mean smash when you strike the bottom. Only one known species of bear is more dangerous, ferocious and ravenous than the grizzly, and that bear inhabits a wild and dangerous section known as the stock exchange, whither we will not venture. I perfectly remember the first meeting with this bellicose plantigrade. A party of us had gone from Banff Hotel to penetrate a distant canyon in those wonderful mountains, and our penetration wasn't equal to our fanatical foolishness, or we'd have stopped at home. We carried provisions and a certain amount of spiritual consolation along, and small wonder that there is a howl against the spiritual ascendancy of Banff if the stuff always acts as ours did! We *cached* the stuff and went on an exploring tour, and when we returned we saw what this sketch conveys a faint idea of.

A grizzly had got the tip from some unknown tout, and started in to do his own "tooting." He had devoured the grub, secured our only weapon, and entered into the spirit of the thing so frequently, that without a weapon having been levelled at him, he was badly shot. I had heard vague rumors that there was a lot of dissatisfaction in certain quarters about the liquor at Banff, but I never dreamed what evil it could work until I saw the effect upon that grizzly. It was my gun, and the fellows told me I ought to go and get it, but there are times when the love of adventure with a gun sinks into secondary importance. As I looked at him and noted his evident enjoyment with it, I could not bear to think of depriving him of it, in fact I had a shrewd suspicion that there was mischief *brewin* for anyone that would interfere, so after flashing a somewhat brief-timed exposure on him, I grabbed the camera, and we broke for the hotel, yelling Excelsior! every jump. We weren't loaded for bear and he was.

* * *

It would be an injustice to a beautiful and interesting animal to leave the mountains without a passing notice of the mountain goat. The snowy pelt and handsome head of this animal are trophies worthy of a place in any sportsman's smoking room. They are wonderful brutes and ambitious. On the verge of the snow-limit is their chosen stamping ground, and he who would bag a goat must be prepared for any and every emergency. They are amazingly sure-footed and sharp sighted and on the slightest alarm go like streaks for the mountain tops. I followed two all one day through a labyrinth of chaotically assorted rocks, up, ever up, until I reached the barrier of perpetual snow; then I went back to the hotel, borrowed an overcoat, mitts and snow-shoes, secured provisions and started again. Before the highest peaks were reached the goats took different mountains, which rendered it almost impossible to keep track of each, so I chose the biggest and pressed on. Up, ever up, through the cold, thin atmosphere, until I reached the dome of clouds that form a solid barrier between earth and heaven. I soon found the hole my goat had butted in passing through, and I climbed after him, and saw a sight that once seen will never be forgotten.

Far, far above, above clouds and all, whitely defined against the blue beyond was my intended victim, and away off, perched upon another peak, the two being the loftiest pinnacles of all the giant range, was his mate, both safe and unconcerned, heeding not the frail earthling that grovelled far below. Doubtless their keen eyes at that sickening elevation could see the Pearly Gates; anyway I fancied they'd go clean into Paradise in another jump, and I hated them too much to drive them thither. So, apparently almost within hearing of the voices of friends who have gone to the sweet bye-and-bye, I lost them, and feeling my own littleness like a forlorn hope, baffled and outdone, I slunk down the steep, like water finding its level, and gave up the quest of goat-skins.

E. W. S.

Life, Labor and Leisure at Chautauqua.

The array of professors at Chautauqua is indeed formidable, and the subjects taught are many. In the College of Liberal Arts is found a curriculum of Classics, Hebrew, Sanskrit, Zend, History, Comparative Philology, Psychology, Political Economy and Modern Languages, including Danish and Swedish. French and German are taught by the conversational method—a method very practical indeed, and productive of good results. Still the danger here, too, is superficiality—where students follow too much the Ollendorf method of "I have a button. Who has the button of my cousin?" forgetting to study the genius of the language as exemplified in its best writers. Not a few of the professors of the Chautauqua College of liberal arts are men of distinction. Such are Dr. Adams and Dr. Ely of Johns Hopkins University, Prof. Knapp and Dr. Harper of Yale, and Prof. Edgrew, the well-known Sanskrit scholar, said to be, next to Whitney, the best Sanskrit scholar in the United States. I dropped into Dr. Ely's class in political economy a few days ago. Dr. Ely is a well known authority on the labor question, being the author of a work on that subject, as well as a contributor to the *Century* and other magazines on political and social questions. I must confess that Dr. Ely makes a poor impression in the class-room. His distinguished course at Columbia College, New York, and Heidelberg, Germany, should have given him more vigor and finish. He sits down, school-boy like, reads from notes, punctuating his remarks by twirling his glasses in his hands, then adjusting them momentarily on his nose. I think Dr. Ely is wanting in decision of thought. No doubt he has read widely, but it will require years of further study and thought for him to become a Cesar in political science "constant as the northern star."

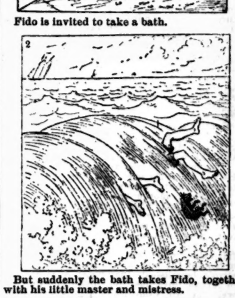
I spent a moment in Professor McClintock's class in the study of Browning. You know Americans must have a craze for something, and just now the Browning moon is full. I had a personal talk with the professor—a very genial and enthusiastic teacher—during which he told me that he considered Browning the great poetic teacher of the present age. Now here is a chance for the Ontario Educational Central Committee to recommend that selections from Browning be put upon the High School curriculum in the department of English, and we will have some enterprising Canadian annotator emulating his American brothers, and explaining the mysteries of Browning so clearly that the poet himself may find great satisfaction in reading the notes of "elucidation." Mr. Sprague from New York has been here explaining Volapuk, the new universal language. Bank managers contemplating the establishing of colonies in Canada and South America, are taking up the study of it, as it will do much to cover up all irregularities, having no irregular verb; besides it will establish a bond of unity among them in their *dollarous* exile. There is no word in Volapuk for divorce, and this, it is thought, will do much to stay its study among enterprising Americans. Volapuk is said to be rich in the language of romance, and I have seen several young men doing their courting here 'neath umbrageous trees in the Volapuk language. I watched a session of it a few evenings ago—in company with the moon—and I tell you we had a grand time of it. It was near Mount Horeb—for you must know we have a miniature holy land here. On a fine day you can see the Israelites and—the *golden calf*. Yes indeed, sir, they have both the law and the *profits* here. Well, as I remarked above, the moon and I looked down upon Mount Horeb and the surrounding country. Remember the whole scene was being enacted in Volapuk. With his right hand he took her left hand—in Volapuk—then to use a legal sentence his left stole around in contract "with impeachment of waist," in Volapuk also. It is astonishing how readily and quickly young men earnest and persevering can get around it—I mean the Volapuk language.

T. O'HAGAN, M. A.

CHAUTAUQUA, August 19, 1888.

On the Beach at the Island.

Fido is invited to take a bath.



But suddenly the bath takes Fido, together with his little master and mistress.

The result of this bath-taking is so serious that the children feel called upon to mourn their loss, and are inconsolable until struck with the happy idea that now they can have a funeral.

They are taking real pleasure in their grief.

When the ungrateful Fido again spoils their fun by refusing to remain buried.

Despair and happiness are so closely linked that each is riven by the wealth of the other.

Her Mother's Marriage

CHAPTER VIII.

"Uncle, may I see you alone for a few minutes?" Addie asks, as, after returning to the Mount, she encounters her uncle in the hall.

"Certainly, my dear. Come into the office. Anything wrong, Addie?" Mr. Conniston asks, in some surprise.

"I only want to ask you about my father," the girl says in a breathless sort of way. "It seems rather a foolish thing, uncle," and she laughs uneasily—"but I do not know who or what he was, or what caused his death, any more than I know who were the ancestors of the most remote chiefs of Africa. It is really needful that I should know something about my folks, for I wish to satisfy other people."

"My dear, I hope it is not necessary to speak of our affairs to all the world?" Mr. Conniston says, attempting to smile. "Mr. Newton was a man of good position, well-connected and wealthy. Is that not enough for you?"

"Then, uncle, is there any mystery about him that I find it so difficult to discover all I wish to know? You assure me that he was of good position. Was he as well—of as good family, I mean—as your own?"

"Most decidedly! But, Addie, why do you ask this, when your mother was so reticent about it?"

"I only want to find out whether her marriage raised her in the social scale, uncle."

A dull red flush rises in Mr. Conniston's face, and his eyes fall for a moment.

"Addie, my child, be content with what you know," he says, unsteadily. "Your dear mother was a good and virtuous woman—"

"Oh, yes! I knew she was the best of women. It is of my father I wish to hear. Does not marriage place a woman in her husband's station? Dear uncle, I would not persist, but—but someone has asked me to marry him—" and the sweet voice becomes tremulous while rich blushes rise in her cheeks—"and he must know all about me."

"Not Mr. Proctor, Addie?"

"Oh, no!" the girl said with a shudder. "It is Mr. Herbert."

"Addie! My dear child, I hope not."

"Why, uncle? What is this awful thing that you keep from me?"—and the blushes fade away as rapidly as they came. "Why do you look so scared? He would marry me even if my father's position were not higher than my mother's—"

"Oh! child, child. There must not be the shadow of reproach on the name of the woman whom Keith Herbert marries."

"Uncle! Reproach! What can you mean? Those reports were not true," Addie gasps, rather than says, "for Mr. Ramsey contradicted them. Speak, uncle. Tell me the worst now, for I must know it."

"My dear, you must know it, I see that now, for Keith Herbert must not suffer disgrace through me and mine. Come here, dear child, let me fold you in my arms while I tell it. Mr. Ramsey spoke truly in saying that he performed that marriage ceremony; but to spare us pain he hid the fact, which no one save himself knows, and which we hoped to hide for ever, that my poor sister was deserted a few months after the marriage took place, because the man who had gone through the farce was already married, and was afraid of being arrested for bigamy."

Addie looks up with a dazed expression.

"I—I think I do not quite understand. Do you mean that he—my father—had two wives? he asks, with white drawn lips.

"No man can have two wives in this country. He had one wife, who was alive when he pretended to marry your mother."

"Then my mother was—"

"Not his wife at all, my dear," Mr. Conniston says, holding her closely to him as if to prove that she is not destitute of a loving heart to lean upon. "Do you understand, Addie?"

Ah! yes. She understands that the bright fair palace which has been lying a little ahead of her for the last brief hour has been by one stroke demolished—that Keith Herbert's offer of fervent love has been made in vain. It is well that Mr. Conniston's arm is around her, for her head reels though she does not faint.

"Oh! uncle, how will he bear it? He loves me so well and he is so hopeful," she says in a tone so despairing that her uncle's eyes grow dim. "I told him he should hear from me to-morrow, but I never thought of this. I knew of that marriage, and—oh! uncle, it is too dreadful."

"Yes, my child; yet your dear mother bore it and would not suffer me to prosecute the scoundrel who deceived her. That was the cause of the rupture between us. I promised to shield you, her child, from all knowledge of him, and that I would not speak of her unhappy fate to you unless such an occasion as this should render it necessary."

"Poor, poor mamma! It was an awful fate, and how patient she was! Ah! she did not know how it would affect her unhappy child. You will tell him, uncle? I cannot, and oh! I can never bear to look upon his face again. Help me, uncle, for I do not know what to do;" and the white, despairing face is raised to his for comfort.

"I will fetch Esther. Go to your room, Addie; or, stay, will you come to my office?"

"Yes; I cannot see the girls now. Take me to Esther," Addie says, catching at the offer. "She will know now why my mother's face was so sad."

"There is but one thing to be done, Diana. I must try to prevail on this girl to refuse him. She is not one of the common sort fortunately, or I should have no hope. There is some pride in her, or she would have accepted him at once," Mrs. Herbert says, on the morning after her interview with her son.

"You may as well save yourself the trouble," Diana says, sullenly. "She is an artful minx, and is only dallying to make him more eager."

"Will you find out where Keith is? I shall go down to the Mount and see what can be done," Mrs. Herbert returns.

"You are not fit to go; those people will take it as a compliment," Diana returns.

"They will soon understand," the elder lady says, with a frown, for Miss Wellsford is adding to instead of relieving her cares. "Be good enough to ring for your cloak."

Mrs. Herbert can be very determined when she pleases, and in less than an hour she is at the door of the Mount, for Keith has gone away to pass the time of probation in a pleasant ramble.

Miss Newton is not at home when Mrs. Herbert asks for her, and with increasing vexation the early visitor chooses to see Mr. Conniston rather than either of his daughters, and asks to be shown to his office. She is not in the room when she enters, but joins her in a few minutes.

"I should be glad if I could speak with your niece, Mr. Conniston," she says, evidently ill at ease, after a few preliminary remarks; "but I hear she is not at home."

"Can have been correctly informed, Mrs. Herbert. She left my house last evening, and it is very uncertain if she will ever return."

"Left! Has she gone away from Bickington?" the lady cries, in surprise.

"She has left this neighborhood altogether," he says, in tones which sound strangely calm compared with those of his visitor.

"Then are you aware of the intimacy between her and my son?"

"I am aware that your son has asked her to be his wife, and that she has gone away to resist his importunity," Mr. Conniston answers.

"Oh! thank goodness," Mrs. Herbert cries. Then, having the grace to color slightly, she adds, "You see, Mr. Conniston, he is my only son, and I have always hoped to see him marry well."

"Addie knew that. At the first she told him she would not be his wife because she felt that you would not welcome her, but she was prevailed upon to consult me. I felt there could be no happiness for her—good, pure, amiable, accomplished, and beautiful though she is—where she would be regarded as an interloper. You need have no fear, Mrs. Herbert, that she will force herself upon you. I am commissioned to convey her answer to Mr. Herbert without giving him any idea where she is gone," Mr. Conniston says, his voice growing cold and proud as he feels that the woman before him will probe at what is a subject of bitter pain to others.

Mrs. Herbert is, however, not quite satisfied at the manner of settling the unpleasant affair, though she is immensely relieved that Addie has gone. But she knows that it is lowering to her pride that this girl should have it in her power to reject her son, the last of a long line of honorable and wealthy men.

Mrs. Herbert feels discomfited, and is thankful when she is once more seated in the carriage on her way homeward. Miss Wellsford meets her at the hall door.

"Well?" she asks. "You have not succeeded!"

"She will not accept him," Mrs. Herbert whispers, for several servants are close at hand.

"What! Then you are a fairy or a witch," Diana cries, as she sees that Mrs. Herbert is in earnest. "Tell me how you managed it," she entreats, as, leaning on her arm, the delicate lady ascends the stairs.

"My dear, that must be my secret. I assure you that Keith will have to undergo the pain of a refusal. What more can you wish? The field will now be open to you," Mrs. Herbert rejoins, somewhat amplidly, for she does not relish the idea of having to be questioned on the subject.

"And now it will be as well not to let him know you have been there," Diana suggests. "He would not easily forgive any interference on your part, I feel sure."

"Not at all; but in the end he would certainly thank me. Are you going out, Diana?" Mrs. Herbert asks, seeing that the girl does not attempt to remove her cloak and hat.

"I have only just put my things on. My mother has sent to say that the earl is ill, and we must go up to town this evening, as I have no time to lose. Any lack of attention to him when he was in the mood to see us may have serious consequences. But I am very sorry to have to leave you just now, dear Mrs. Herbert."

"Of course you cannot help it. It is a good thing that I am stronger than I was. Is this illness of the earl's serious, do you think?"

"It may be, for he has rheumatism in the region of the heart sometimes; but it is just as likely to be an excuse to get us to town just because he fancies we are enjoying ourselves elsewhere. He is the most contrary man in existence. Yet sometimes he is very gracious to me, and, of course, it would not do to offend him," Diana says, arranging her veil as she stands before the toilet-table. "There is a train to Bagton in half an hour."

"Then give orders to have the carriage brought round again. You must have some luncheon before you go."

"Indeed! no. I shall reach Bagton in time for that, and I am not at all hungry. You will ask me to come here again when this illness of papa's is over?"

"Certainly," Mrs. Herbert rejoins.

Yet as Diana, after numerous expressions of regret, quits the room, her hostess heaves a sigh of relief.

"Somehow Diana becomes wearisome on a long acquaintance; but there are hundreds of girls who will be proud to marry Keith, and I am not altogether sorry that Lady Crowley's daughter is not the favored one, after all."

Meanwhile Keith Herbert has sauntered about until he has reached the rectory gate. On looking in, he sees Mr. Conniston, who, with a nervous start, and somewhat flurried manner, comes rapidly down the drive.

"Good morning, Mr. Herbert. I was coming over to the Hall to see you," he says. "Perhaps I can say what I have to say here. Do you mind taking a turn with me?"

"Not at all; but I hope there is no tiresome business on hand just now, for I do not feel in the mood for business details at present," the young man says, with a smile.

"My dear sir, the matter on which I wish to speak to you is not business, but—and—and I think you will consider it in that light when you know that it relates to my niece, Addie," Mr. Conniston gravely answers.

"What of her? Is anything amiss? Why do you look so troubled?" Keith asks, breathlessly.

"Mr. Herbert, I would spare you pain if I could. You have every right to my warmest esteem and regard, yet I fear I must give you a cruel blow. Addie wishes me to convey her reply to the proposal you made yesterday."

"Yes! And your words imply that it is unfavorable. Is it so?"

"It is. No other answer is possible under the circumstances."

"Now, Mr. Conniston, I am afraid you have not been kind to me in this," the young man says, reproachfully. "I ought to have taken you into my confidence earlier."

"Indeed, I wish you had, Mr. Herbert, for the dear child's sake as well as your own."

"But, really, now, you don't mean to influence her against me?" Keith asks, and, though he smiles, his face grows pale.

"There is no need. I simply told her the sad truth respecting her mother, and she knew that union with you was impossible. Mr. Herbert, she has gone away and left me to tell you why."

"Gone! What do you mean?" Keith cries, now thoroughly alarmed.

"You know that she was to ask me if the union of her mother with Mr. Newton raised her in the social scale?"

"Oh! that was Addie's own idea. I would take her without question, for, Mr. Conniston, I love her most truly. Pray try to see this matter as I do."

"You are very generous, and I would I could repay you worthily; but, my dear sir, that unfortunate marriage of my sister was neutralized by a previous one. Newton was a married man when he met my poor sister; consequently, my niece has no right even to the name she bears."

"Oh! what have I done? Dragged this miserable story into the poor girl's presence and driven her from home! Mr. Conniston, this is very hard upon me, for I would have shielded her from all sorrow. You will tell her this? No one need know the story."

"Your mother would have to know it, Mr. Herbert, and Addie could bear that. Believe me, there is nothing to be done but to submit quietly. I want to speak to Mr. Ramsey, so please excuse me."

And without making any attempt to see Mr. Conniston again Keith turns homeward. His mother is watching anxiously for his coming, wondering when the news of Miss Newton's rejection will be known. She is not kept long in a state of suspense, for on arriving at home Keith immediately pays her a visit.

"Alone, mother? He was not—"

"Miss Wellsford has been summoned to town," Mrs. Herbert replies, dismissing her maid by a gesture. "Anything wrong, Keith?"

"You are not blind, mother," he says, with a slight touch of bitterness in his voice. "Miss Newton has declined to become my wife. As she has quitted the only home she has had to her in order to avoid me, I feel that I am causing her much needless unhappiness. You can do as you please, mother; but I shall go away at once, so that she may return to the only friends she has in the world."

"But of what use will that be, Keith, my dear boy? You cannot remain away for ever," Mrs. Herbert cries in dismay.

"I can, and I will, rather than pain that dear girl. You are not fit to travel yet, I know, so I will wait in town for a week or two if you care to go abroad with me."

"I really think, Keith, that you might have more consideration for me," his mother says, bursting into tears. "I am not fit to leave home. Why should you consider Miss Newton's comfort more than mine?"

"You can remain here as long as you please, my dear mother—I give you the option; but I could no more think of living here, even if I were not driving Miss Newton away, than of going to the North Pole. You seem to forget, mother, that this rejection means misery to me, although it so exactly satisfies your own wishes. The whole place is uneudurable; for I have peopled it with— But you will understand. Let me pass and not waste time. I leave here to-night. You can make your own arrangements at your leisure."

"Upon my word, Keith, I feel almost driven to consent to receive Miss Newton," Mrs. Herbert says, wiping her eyes, when she finds her tears are unavailing.

"That concession on your part is now impossible. Addie Newton will never give you the humiliation," Keith says, with a sigh. "Put the thought entirely away, mother. I have some business details to arrange, so must leave you now."

"You not look fit to bother about business, Keith, my boy," his mother says, rising and taking his hand caressingly. "I hope you will not let this matter upset you. Can I do nothing to help you?"

"Nothing, thank you, mother," the young man says, not ungently; "my case is past human help. When I have Bickington to-day I close the brightest page of my life—close it, never, so far as I can hope or expect to open it again."

The next morning Mr. Conniston received two letters from Mr. Herbert, one addressed to himself and the other bidding Addie a touching farewell, and announcing his intention to travel.

CHAPTER IX.

"Has her ladyship arrived, Penn?"

"No, my lord; but she will not be long now. The carriage went to the station half an hour ago."

It is growing late, and Earl Crowley, who has been restless all day, shows signs of impatience as he glances at the timepiece on the mantel.

He is not in bed, neither does he look particularly ill, although there are lines as of pain or care on his still handsome face. His stepdaughter has spoken of him as a "sulky old bear," yet he is far from being an old man; indeed, he has not even reached middle age, being some years short of fifty. His faithful attendant knows that, though there are no evidences of severe illness in his master's appearance, life is more uncertain in his case than in that of most men.

"Mind, Penn, Lady Crowley must not be informed of the severity of that last attack," the earl says, after a brief silence.

"Your lordship may rely upon me. I think I hear wheels. May I enquire if her ladyship has come?"

Before the earl has time to reply a hasty knock at the door announces Lady Crowley's presence. She enters the room, followed by her daughter.

"Able to sit up!" the elder lady cries. "Dear me! What a fright you gave us, Crowley. I really have been imagining all sorts of horrors."

"It was too bad to alarm your ladyship," the earls says, with a slight curl of the lip. "I have been somewhat fanciful, I fear, and had been contemplating making a will to dispose of the money which will not go to my cousin."

"But you made a will long ago. Why bother about such matters now? And I must say that I think there is no need of anything of the kind. You have not looked better for years than you do now."

"Which must be satisfactory to you after all your anxiety. But I have not spoken to Diana yet. She will excuse me, however, when she understands how long it has been since I saw and I had any opportunity for a display of conjugal affection."

And the earl turns to Diana with his own peculiar smile.

"I am very glad to find that you are better," the girl says, by no means disconcerted by his lordship's words or manner. "I have been nursing Mrs. Herbert, of Bickington, when I heard of your illness this morning; but, of course, I knew as soon as mamma came, that I am afraid that papa is not so well as we have allowed him to make us believe. See how pale he has become," and Diana looks in alarm at the sudden alteration in the invalid's face.

"Penn!" her ladyship calls, "see to your master." And the man, who has respectfully moved away to the opposite end of the apartment, comes hastily forward.

"All right, Penn. Only a brief spasm. I beg your pardon, Diana. What were you saying?" the earl asks, as he smiles faintly, while the bluish tinge that had alarmed Penn more than the pallor of the cheeks, fades away from the region of the mouth.

"I was only speaking about Mrs. Herbert. There is the queerest story connected with her and her son," Diana resumes. "Another time, perhaps, it will interest you to hear it."

"Yes, another time. Do not let me detain you now, Lady Crowley. It is late, and you must be tired. To-morrow I shall be able to your company for a little while if you can spare time to devote to me."

"I am afraid we have kept you up beyond your usual hour," her ladyship says, rising. "Of course, we shall be at your service to-morrow. No one knows that we are in town yet."

And, without appearing to expect any caress from the husband whom she has not seen for weeks until to-night, Lady Crowley says good night, and, followed by her daughter, quits the room.

"Not altered in the least, mamma," the latter comments, as they remove their traveling wraps; "that is, so far as his treatment of us is concerned. Yet there is no doubt that something serious ails him. I wonder what he means about that alteration of his will? Are you well provided for in the old one?"

"Yes," Lady Crowley says, shortly.

"I wish Diana, that you were well married. I live in continual fear of some foolish act on the earl's part."

"If I could have remained at Bickington for a month, I might have succeeded, for now that Miss Newton is not likely to encourage Keith, he will naturally look out for someone else. You do not think papa means to act shabbily by us? He will, surely, not leave us badly off?"

"I do not leave you less than twenty thousand pounds. To that amount he stands pledged," Lady Crowley rejoins.

"Then why did you not say so before?" Diana cries, in an aggrieved tone. "You would have saved me endless pain and anxiety. But how did you extract the pledge, mamma? Surely, you must have had more influence then than you possess now?"

"A woman can usually extract anything from a man before marriage," her ladyship says, grimly.

"Upon my word I should not care to try it. I can imagine that Keith Herbert would be inexpectedly shocked at a suggestion so mercenary," the young lady retorts, with a laugh. "I do not know why I need be so eager to enter the ranks of matrimony," she goes on, with a yawn. "Certainly, I have not had a very pleasant exhibition of its attractions in my own home."

"Hold your tongue, Diana!" Lady Crowley angrily commands. "You know—for you are not too dense to draw your own conclusions—that my marriage with the earl was no love match. Had your poor father lived you might have seen me a very different woman, for he loved me most passionately. By my second marriage I secured a position which my beauty merited, but would never have attained except under very exceptional circumstances. Fortunately, the late earl was my friend, and expressly wished his successor to marry me. To be Countess of Crowley was an honor not to be resisted by the poor widow of an officer. Think what a life you would have led, Diana, had I refused to wed the earl because I did not love him!"

"I wonder you have never made him love you, mamma. You are beautiful still, and must have been exceptionally so eighteen years ago."

"Don't you think that you are talking nonsense, Diana? Just remember your own failure to win Keith Herbert and perhaps that will help you to realise that a man's affections are not to be forced," the Countess says, tartly. "Ring and tell the servants to ask the maid appears at the door which leads to the dressing-room.

(To be Continued.)

She Was Angry With Pa.

"I'm just as angry with Pa as I can be," said one sea-side belle to another.

"I noticed that you seemed out of temper with him at the table."

"I've a great mind never to speak to him again."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"It occurred on the bathing beach. I had just put on my new bathing suit, and went out to join pa and ma in the water."

"Well, what did he do?"

"He just shouted out right before all those people, 'Say, Miranda, you'd better hurry back and get on the rest of your bathing suit before somebody sees you!'"

On a Mount Desert Pier.

Miss Medford—Oh! do hurry, Mr. Weymann! Mr. Toozer is trying to commit suicide!"

Chips.

"What do you think of Edgar Saltus' Eden?" "Adam good book for a summer Eve."

Elsie—Are you not capable of blushing when you go to a party in such a *decollete* dress? Edith—No; the men blush.

Revised for Chicago. Minister—And do you take this woman to be your wedded wife? He—I do, until divorce doth us part.

"Mother is always telling me not to bolt my food," said a small boy, "and now she has gone and bolted up the cupboard that has got all the victuals."

French Maid—Ah, mademoiselle, vot you do? You kees yourself in ze mirror! Mademoiselle—Yes, Tommy is going to call to-night, and I'm practising.

A shopkeeper having sunk his floor two feet, intimated that goods would be sold considerably lower than formerly in consequence of recent improvements.

To dream you are sternly and successfully asserting your authority with the wife of your bosom is a sign that you will buy a new bonnet before a week has passed.

"I say, friend, your horse is a little contrary, is he not?" "No, sir." "What makes him stop, then?" "Oh, he's afraid somebody'll say, 'Whoa,' and he doesn't hear it."

Bustle Rage (to small newsboy)—Here, sonny, there's a cent for you. What will you do with all that money? Newsboy (eagerly)—Pass prof er in, double or quits.

Young husband—What are you reading, sweetest? Young bride—A new French novel, Les Amours de Marguerite. Y.H.—Let me see it. Y.B.—No, no, dear, impossible, it is not fit reading for a young man.

Street-car Passenger—Do you know what the weather probabilities are this morning, sir? Citizen—Yes; I haven't seen the paper yet. But I fancy fair weather is predicted. I notice everybody has an umbrella.

Smith—A new motor for increasing the speed of street cars has been discovered." Jones—Has it? Well, the street cars don't need it up my way. All I have to do to increase the speed of the cars is to signal to the driver to stop.

Husband (the slave of his mother-in-law, who resides with him)—So, darling, you really told your mother to pack up and get out this evening! Wife—Yes, darling, she is going—Husband—God be praised. Wife—To board next door.

"Tom, I gave you a very liberal allowance when I sent you to college; nevertheless, I hear that you have had some trouble in meeting your bills." "Not the slightest in the world, father, I assure you. It has been all I could do to keep out of their way."

An artist painted a portrait of Mr. Jenkins, who was noted for his frequent libations. The artist invited the gentleman's friends to see it, and they inspected it and pronounced it excellent. One of them, however, who was rather near-sighted, complained of the light, and approached it to change its position, when the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it isn't dry." "No usse of looking at it, then," replied the gentleman. "It can't be my friend Jenkins."

Father (with deep emotion)—So you have come back Willie, to your old father—come back, let us hope, full of repentance and sorrow for your behavior, intending to lead a new life like the prodigal son. Willie—Oh, don't give us a sermon. If I am like the prodigal son it's only because I'm dead on eating husks. Money gave out, old boy, so here I am again. By the way, didn't the prodigal son's father kill a calf—didn't care for vest myself; but if you could dispense with it and substitute whisky, I'll be as prodigal as you like.

Young Lushington came home rather early the other morning, and making a mistake in his house, knocked up a neighbor instead of his long-suffering wife. After about five minutes' knocking, the bedroom window opened, and the contents of a pailful of cold water descended upon him. "Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, as he stood shivering in the bitter north-easterly April wind. "That is a very summary mode of proceeding." "Summary or wintery, I don't care!" cried a sharp female voice. "It's spring water, and if you knock me up again, I'll let the pail fall on you as well."

Pathos.

The following affecting advertisement appeared some time ago in a London newspaper:—"If this should meet the eye of Emma D——, who absented herself last Wednesday from her father's house, she is implored to return, when she will be received with undiminished affection by her almost heartbroken parents. If nothing can persuade her to listen to their joint appeal—should she be determined to bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—should she never mean to revisit a home where she has passed so many happy years—it is at least expected, if she be not lost to all sense of propriety, that she will, without a moment's further delay, send back the key of the caddy."

Delights of Married Life.

She—Won't it be delightful when we are married, Jim?

He—Won't it?

She—No conventionalities to bind us, and everything lovely.

He—We have played a very long game of lawn tennis)—Yes, and then I can take the rocking-chair and you the camp-stool without exciting remark.

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WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

He realized the moment that he saw those precious stones and that ingeniously contrived belt, which was, doubtless, filled with gold coin, that a weighty responsibility had fallen upon him.

"He knew that the necklace must be worth several hundred pounds, and that a large sum of money was packed away in the belt.

He passed into the small parlor leading from the kitchen, and locked both treasures up in a large, old-fashioned desk that had been an heir-loom in the family for nearly a hundred years.

Then he went back to the child.

"What is your name, pretty one?" he asked, gently stroking her silken hair with his hard hand.

"Pet," she answered, studying his honest face with her innocent blue eyes.

"That can't be her real name, can it?" the keeper asked of his grandson.

"Have you got any other name, little girl?" Percy asked.

She smiled up at him archly, and nodded her pretty head in a merry way.

"Ess—one, two," counting her lily fingers. Papa says 'Witch Hazel.'"

"'Witch Hazel!'" repeated Percy, looking puzzled. "How queer!"

Then he brightened and smiled.

"I imagine that your real name is Hazel, but that you are full of mischief, and so he put the 'Witch' on for that."

The child lay back upon her pillows and laughed aloud, clapping her hands gleefully, as if delighted with the boy's explanation of the strange combination of names.

"Ess, me is a witch," she said, mischievous dimples playing at hide-and-seek in her cheeks; "papa says so."

"What is your papa's name, little one?" Sandy Morton asked, regarding her with exceeding tenderness.

A thoughtful look came into her eyes for a moment. Then she replied, though with a puzzled air:

"Papa—Gay; no, mamma say 'Alf' to him.

"Um!" observed Captain Morton, reflectively; "as near as I can make out his name must have been Alfred Gay, and this little lady is Hazel Gay."

"Where do you live?" Percy inquired.

But this question the child could not answer.

Evidently she had resided in a large city, for there wasn't any "grass or any water where she lived; nothing but stones and great big houses, and the sky was 'way up high."

It was very little that they could glean from her regarding her former life; she was almost a baby; she could not even talk plainly, clipping some of her words and mangling others in the most infantile fashion.

"Why can't people teach their children to talk plainly, and not in such an outlandish, babyish fashion?" said Sandy Morton, contemptuously, after an unavailing attempt to make the fair stranger tell something more about herself. A sensible man would teach his child to tell her full name as soon as she could speak and where she lived, too. We never can find out who her friends are, if she has any left, and I'm sure I don't know what to do with her."

"Oh, grandfather, let us keep her; she is such a dear little thing!" cried Percy, eagerly.

"I reckon we'll have to," said Sandy Morton.

And so little Hazel became a member of the lighthouse keeper's family, and she seemed like a ray of sunshine suddenly let into their humble home, while every member of the household gathered her at once into the arms of their affection, and became, as it were, her bond-servants.

To Percy she was like some sacred presence, to be reverenced, and protected, and shielded from every ill, and he grew to love her with an affection bordering on idolatry; while Hazel, on her part, had the utmost confidence in "my Percy," as she called him from the very first.

"Grandfather, she will belong to us always, won't she, if we cannot find any of her folks?" the boy asked one day about a month after she came to them.

"I suppose so, if we want her," the old man replied.

"We do want her, don't we? I do," Percy said, wistfully, a suspicious tremor in his voice.

"Ay, ay, lad; I reckon we do. She shall stay as long as we have a home to offer her, even if it ain't the grandest that ever was; I'd be loth to part with the winsome lassie, myself," replied the captain, earnestly.

And thus Witch Hazel was adopted, and from that time forth became the light of the lighthouse keeper's home.

CHAPTER III.

TELLS OF ANOTHER WRECK.

In a luxurious home of one of the aristocratic thoroughfares of London, there might have been seen, on that same blustering November night when the ill-fated vessel, of which we have spoken in a previous chapter, went down with all on board save sweet little Hazel Gay, an interesting group gathered about the table in the elegantly appointed library.

It consisted of three person. The first was a distinguished looking gentleman of perhaps thirty-six or eight years—a finely formed man with a handsome, noble face that indicated great intelligence and kindness of heart.

Opposite him, her elbow resting upon the table, her forehead resting on her hand, sat a lady, possibly two or three years younger: a graceful, high-bred creature, with delicate and lovely features, fine dark eyes and a genial face, though somewhat sad in expression, that won every heart.

The other member of the circle was a lad of perhaps ten years—a bright manly little fellow, with a well-shaped head, a keen, restless eye, and attractive features.

The trio comprised Sir Henry Harwood, an eminent London physician, his beautiful and talented wife and their son Charlie.

The fierce November storm beat furiously against the windows of that beautiful room, it dismal sound making the light and warmth and comfort within seem tenfold more inviting by contrast.

The lady shivered every now and then as a wilder dash rattled against the pane, and her face was very pale and sad, while her husband watched her with a wistful, anxious expression from behind his paper.

All at once she pushed back her chair with a heavy sigh and took another nearer the fire, although the whole room was at summer heat; and, as she sat down, she stealthily brushed a tear from her cheek.

Her husband, still watching her, opened his lips as if to speak, then checked himself, although his chest heaved with an answering sigh.

"Henry, isn't this the twenty-ninth?" his wife asked, after watching the flickering firelight for several moments.

"Yes, Ada."

"What a fearful storm there is raging without! It makes me think of—of——"

"My dear!" came in admonitory tones from her husband.

"Of those who are so unfortunate as to be on the sea on such a night," she concluded, shivering as with the cold.

"Were you ever at sea in a storm, mamma?" asked the boy, suddenly looking up from his book.

There was a moment of silence, during which Lady Harwood seemed to brace herself before replying:

"Yes, Charlie, I was—once," she said, at last, in a low tone.

"Was it very, very dreadful?"

"Yes, my son," and the sweet voice died away in something that sounded like a moan.

"Tell me about it, mamma!" said the boy, eagerly.

Sir Henry Harwood's face twitched nervously and he was very pale; a look of keen pain leaped into his eyes.

"Do not disturb mamma, Charlie," he said very gently; "she is not very well to-night. Some other time perhaps she will tell you what you want to know. How are you coming on with your lesson?

"I have it all learned, sir," the lad replied, with a long drawn sigh that brought a smile to his father's lips.

"You are not very fond of German, are you?" he remarked, good naturedly.

"No, sir. I don't like to study anything very well."

"I am sorry to hear that. What would you like to be?"

"Oh, I think I should like to be a sailor," said the boy, reflectively.

"No, no!" interposed Lady Harwood in a startled tone, while Sir Henry's face grew grave.

"Sailors are subjected to a great many hardships," he observed, quietly; then added, "Would you like to say your lesson to me?"

"If you please, sir," and the boy passed his book over to his father and made a fine recitation, showing that if he did not really enjoy study, he nevertheless made thorough work of it.

"That was well done, my boy," said Sir Henry, as he laid down the book with a gratified look. "If you do as well to-morrow I am sure that Herr Heinrich will be well pleased with you. I think we will make a scholar of you after all. But it is your bedtime now; good night, my son."

"Good-night, papa," replied the lad, rising promptly. Then he went to his mother's side.

"Are you ill, mamma?" he asked, gently.

"No, dear, not ill; but such a storm at this season always affects me unpleasantly," Lady Harwood replied, passing her arm around him and drawing him close to her.

He twined his arms about her and laid his cheek against her cheek.

"I love you, mother," he said, softly.

Tears started to the beautiful woman's eyes.

"What a dear boy!" she said; "but, Charlie, promise me that you will never be a sailor—do not even think of such a thing. I want you to be a physician, like your father."

"I can't help thinking about it, mamma, for I do love the ocean so, and I don't believe I should like to be a doctor."

Lady Harwood sighed as she smoothed the bright chestnut hair away from his broad forehead, kissed him fondly, and, bidding him good-night, let him go. The moment the door closed after him she bowed her face upon her hands and gave way to nervous weeping.

There was a painful silence in the room for several minutes, while the storm seemed to increase without, and beat with redoubled fury upon the window-panes.

At length the weeper raised her head.

"It is ten years ago, Henry, but the anniversary always brings back that terrible night with its fearful experiences. I live it all over again. I see those mountain waves, I hear the howling wind and the shrieks of those terrified human beings, and then—that one wave more cruel than all the rest—that shock that left me childless! Oh! Henry! even now I cannot bear it!"

Sir Henry arose, and, going to his wife's side, knelt upon the floor and gathered her fondly into his arms, while his face was pale and his brow contracted with pain.

"Ada, try to conquer this spirit of rebellion. I cannot bear to see you grieve thus every time this anniversary returns," he said, tremulously. "God knows that my own heart is still very sore over the loss of our dear little one, but I am very grateful for the precious boy who was sent to us in its place, and whom I love as fondly as if he were, indeed, our very own."

"Yes, Charlie is a dear boy, and he loves us devotedly. I hope he will never know that he does not really belong to us," replied Lady Harwood, wiping her tears and striving to overcome her grief for her husband's sake.

"He never will know it," said Sir Henry, positively, "for no one save ourselves and the matron of that asylum ever so much as suspected his adoption."

"I but I do so wonder and yearn to know what our own boy would have been like—my mother's heart longs for its own," murmured the woman, with a sob.

Sir Henry folded her still closer and pressed his lips to her shining hair, while a tear from his own eyes glittered among its folds.

"God knew best, Ada," he said reverently, "and we must not question His wisdom."

Ten years ago that very night Sir Henry Harwood and his fair young wife were returning to England from America where they had been travelling for nearly two years. A few months previous to their return a beautiful boy had been born to them, and they were filled with joy at the possession of this gift so long coveted.

It seemed as if their cup of happiness was filled to the brim, as after a prosperous voyage the shores of their native land once more loomed up before them. But that very night a fearful storm overtook them, and in the midst of it the steamer sprang a leak. To add to the horrors of the situation, a fire broke out in the first cabin, and the passengers were driven to the deck to escape death by suffocation.

Sir Henry took his wife to as sheltered a spot as he could find and lashed her to the vessel's side and left her there, with her babe clasped in her arms, while he hurried below and worked with the vigor of three ordinary men to help extinguish the fiendish flames.

While he was thus employed there came a terrible shock that made the steamer tremble from stem to stern, and he longed to go above to see if his dear ones were safe; but he would not leave his post until the fire was out, and all danger from that foe was past. Then he learned that the shock had doubtless been caused by having run into another vessel of some description, although no one had seen any sign of one.

When he reached the spot where he had left his wife, he found her lying senseless on the deck, her arms empty, and no sign of their child anywhere.

Almost frantic, he demanded of the other passengers some tidings of it; but all that they could tell him was that there had come a great wave, then a terrible shock, followed by a piercing shriek from the spot where his wife lay, and then they had heard nothing more. Of course no one had seen anything, for the densest darkness prevailed.

Sir Henry felt sure that the wave and shock together had wrenched his boy from his mother's arms, and it had been hurled into the depths.

The next morning the disabled steamer was towed into port, and Sir Henry took his wife, who was raving with delirium, to quiet lodgings, where he devoted all his skill and energy to battle with the terrible fever, which threatened both life and reason.

It was a long and fearful struggle, but he conquered, and at the end of two months Ada Harwood was convalescent, but, alas! only a wreck of her former beautiful self, for her heart seemed broken by the dreadful experiences through which she had passed, and the loss she had sustained. She grieved continually, and would not be comforted, and her husband feared that, after all, she would wear her life away mourning for the dead.

One day he was hastily summoned, in a professional way, to a foundling asylum, where a child, a boy about the age of his own, was suffering from membranous croup.

It was the child of a poor sailor, the matron said, who had no wife, and who, being unable to care for it himself, had brought it there with the understanding that if anyone would provide it a good home it might be given away.

Dr. Harwood became greatly interested in the little fellow, for his skilful treatment saved the child's life, and in a week's time was well and strong once more.

Then he formed a sudden resolution.

"Nothing will ever arouse Ada from her morbid state, until her motherhood is touched," he said to himself, while he watched his little patient laughing and crowing in the nurse's arms during his last visit to the asylum.

"The boy is just about the age of our Charlie; I believe the best thing I can do will be to take him home to her."

He sought the matron, told her he would take the child as his own, with the proviso that his father should never be told who had adopted him.

The child was given to him, and that evening just at dusk, he walked into his wife's room with the little waif in his arms, and laid him, without a word, upon her lap.

The child's first act was to look up into the white, sad face above him, and begin to coo and crow in the most contented fashion imaginable.

Ada Harwood shot one astonished look at her husband; then she gathered the little stranger close to her bosom, and burst into a passion of tears that shook her frail form like a reed.

It was the first time that she had wept since her bereavement, and this natural outburst did her more good than medicine.

When she was calmer her husband told her the story of the unfortunate child, and how he had yielded to the impulse that had prompted him to take it home to her own boy, and though she did not cease to mourn her loss, yet she was greatly comforted.

The necessary papers were immediately made out, and when Sir Henry Harwood and his wife left their obscure lodgings and returned to their own luxurious home in another part of the city, no one suspected that the beautiful child they brought with them was not their own.

Lady Harwood had just recovered from a dangerous illness, which was excuse enough for her changed appearance, and only to each other did they ever speak of the terrible affliction which they had suffered.

Charlie was reared and treated by them as if he had been their own flesh and blood, and no suspicion of the truth had ever come to him.

He was an active, intelligent boy, affectionate and remarkably honorable and high-minded for one of his years. He did not love study, as we have seen, but for the sake of his father and mother he was ambitious to make a good appearance, and ashamed to have it said that he could not do as well as other boys of his years.

He was a dear lover of the ocean, and never so happy as when, during the hot months, Sir Henry repaired to his beautiful summer residence at Brighton, where, all day long, he would play upon the beach and sail his little ships along the shore.

"It is in his blood; he cannot help it," Sir Henry would tell his wife, when she lamented his extravagant love for the sea.

There was one little thing that sometimes excited the boy's curiosity as he grew older. It was the peculiar device that had been pricked into his wrist with India ink:

"What is it?" he sometimes asked his mother.

"I do not know; it has been there ever since you were a baby," was all she could tell him; but she never saw it without feeling deeply annoyed and wishing that it could be obliterated.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME OTHER CHARACTERS INTRODUCED.

The residence of the American consul in London was brilliant with light, and gorgeous with flowers, one evening during the height of the London season, while its elegant rooms were thronged with the elite of society, both England and America being largely represented.

SHE STARTED TO HER FEET WITH A WILD CRY, FLINGING THE PAPER FROM HER WITH A GESTURE OF HORROR.

Conspicuous among this assembly was a very beautiful woman of perhaps twenty-five years.

She was somewhat above the medium height, with a perfect form, whose every movement was replete with ease and grace. Her small head was crowned with a profusion of nut-brown hair, very carefully and tastefully arranged. Her face was a pure oval in shape, her complexion a clear, creamy tint, with a most delicate bloom on her rounded cheeks. Her eyes were a soft, rich brown, large and full, and very expressive, while her beautiful mouth rivaled the brightest coral in tint.

Full of vivacity and sparkle, together with her great beauty, she was one to attract admiring attention in any gathering.

She was superbly dressed in a peach colored silk that was heavy with its own richness, and trimmed with rare lace that was worth thrice its weight in gold. Pearls, set with diamonds, gleamed on her arms and neck, in her small ears, and amid the rich waves of her hair.

"Who is she?"

The inquiry was made by a distinguished looking gentleman of the lady with whom he had been conversing.

"An American," was the reply. "Beautiful, isn't she?"

"Exceedingly so. Do you know her, Mrs. Ashleigh?"

"Slightly," responded the lady, with a silvery laugh; "we were schoolgirls together, and she has been my guest for the last month."

"Indeed!" remarked Mr. Earlescourt, looking surprised.

"Her home is in Chicago, Illinois. Her father was a millionaire, and she was his only child; besides this she married another million."

"Ah! then she is a married lady," said the gentleman, a shadow crossing his fine face.

"Certainly. Do you suppose a person possessing her beauty could remain single until she was twenty-five?" inquired his companion, roguishly.

"Possibly not; but what may her name be?"

"Mrs. Graham. She came abroad with her mother, who is somewhat of an invalid, and was recommended to try a sea-voyage. Mr. Graham could not leave his business at the time, but she is looking for him to join her very soon."

"I should hope that he would wait until we have better weather before sailing; it has been very bad during the last three weeks, and a great many disasters are reported. The City of Boston is already a week overdue, and it is feared that she has gone down with all on board."

"How shocking!" cried his companion. "But here comes my friend; let me introduce you."

The beautiful woman of whom they had been talking had been slowly approaching their vicinity, and conversing in an animated way with another lady. She looked up with a smile as she was nearly opposite, and then would have passed on but that Mrs. Ashleigh put out her hand to detain her.

"Emelie, one moment, please," she said, adding, "Mrs. Graham, allow me to present you to my friend, the Hon. Mr. Earlescourt. Mr. Earlescourt, Mrs. Graham."

The lady and gentleman acknowledged the introduction, and Mrs. Graham's companion, excusing herself, passed on, leaving the beautiful American at liberty to see more of Mr. Earlescourt if she chose.

If the gentleman had been pleased with her at a distance he was charmed with her now.

She was brilliant, cultured, fascinating, and, after an hour spent in her society, Adrien Earlescourt knew that for the first time in his life of mind he must avoid meeting her often. She was a woman, such as he had pictured to himself as his wife, whenever he thought of giving his home a mistress.

He was a bachelor of thirty, and strange as it may seem, his heart had never yet seen the woman who suited his fastidious taste or came up to his ideal of what his wife should be.

He was a handsome man, strong and stalwart, with a massive forehead which told of great power of intellect. His hair and beard were dark, but his skin was fair, and the noble soul of the man looked out through eyes as blue as Heaven. He had been an M.P. for several seasons, and was greatly admired and respected in the House. He was the possessor of large wealth, owning a fine estate in Devonshire and another in Essex, the untiled rent-ro ls of which made him the envy of half his associates and the prize upon which many a belle had set her longing heart.

A few evenings later he met Mrs. Graham again at the house of a mutual friend. He thought her even more lovely than when he had first seen her, although he noticed an anxious look in her face and a restlessness in her manner which she had not betrayed before.

They had another delightful chat, and she seemed to enjoy his society as much as he hers. But in the midst of their conversation someone behind them remarked:

"There can be no doubt that the City of Boston has gone down with all on board. The company have given her up, and a list of the passengers who sailed in her was published this evening."

Mrs. Graham started, and her lovely face grew white as alabaster.

She turned to her companion.

"Will you take me to the library, Mr. Earlescourt? I must see the evening paper," she said with quivering lips.

He rose and offered her his arm, and led her from the room, and into the library opposite. He drew a comfortable chair to the table for her, then searched among the books and papers scattered there for what she wanted.

He found the evening paper at last, and then looked down the columns for the list of which he had heard.

He saw it almost immediately, and laid it before her, while he never forget the eager, agonized look with which she followed the names down the line.

In another moment she had started to her feet with a wild cry, flinging the paper from her with a gesture of horror. Then he put out his arms and caught her as she was falling to the floor, bruised and stricken, all her dearest hopes crushed in a single instant.

Adrien Earlescourt laid his unconscious burden upon the lounge, and then went for Mrs. Ashleigh and their hostess. Fortunately they were both in the great hall, and he conducted them to the library, and then left Emelie Graham in their care, picking up the paper she had dropped, as he went out of the room, shutting the door after him.

He went up-stairs to the smoking-room, and seating himself in a quiet corner, he turned to that column of names.

Yes, there it was—the dagger that had stricken her—and the man's face grew pale as he realized something of the agony that she had suffered, and must still suffer.

"Mr. A. H. Graham, Miss Florence H. Graham, and maid," he read, and a cold chill ran over him, as he thought of those dear ones lying fathoms deep at the bottom of the ocean.

(To be Continued.)

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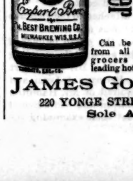

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"Don's" London Episodes.

I HAD intended to write something about the historic buildings we visited and had the Gateway of the Bloody Tower prepared as the initial of this article, but I am afraid this series is becoming too long, and, as a rule, persons are more interesting to hear about than places.

During my two weeks' stay in London I recall no more pleasant hours than I enjoyed one afternoon at St. Mary's Vicarage, Kensington. I was there at the invitation of Mr. J. Baillie Hamilton, a gentleman who lived some time in Toronto, though I had not the pleasure of knowing him until I met him in London. He is rather an odd genius and has largely devoted his life to music and the invention of an instrument which would more accurately represent the sounds of the human voice than has yet been produced. As the scion of a very old and aristocratic house he, of course, went to college, and at Oxford paid much more attention to his invention than to the regular curriculum. The story of his struggles interested me so much that I think I will relate it, following as closely as possible his own narrative. He is not yet thirty years old, tall and slender, with a dreamy but exceedingly pleasant face. His dark and curly auburn locks and bright brown eyes make him a very interesting picture, and if he had happened to drop into my office I would at once have suspected him of being a poet.

Among his musical masters he discovered one who had long experimented in the hope of being able to reproduce the human voice. A combination of wind and string instruments had been made without success; the sounds of the Eolian harp and the cadences produced by wind rushing through apertures shaped like the human larynx had been obtained, but lacked volume and control. Mr. Hamilton's descriptions of his experiments and the dreamy days he passed in listening to the music in the half-lighted chancels of the Oxonian churches where he obtained possession of his idea, are exceedingly interesting. His poetical temperament seems to have become thoroughly enraptured with the beauties of sound and the delicate sentiment of music. In his apartments he constructed a weird sort of machine, on which he frequently practised, filling the college residence with sounds which excited the curiosity of some and the ire of others. Complaints were made to the dons that he was disturbing the classic quietude. The Duke of Edinburgh, who had been a playmate and was a fellow-student with Hamilton, partially in a spirit of practical joking and with a desire to bring his friend's invention before the authorities made formal complaint, and a trial was held, but it was found that the statutes of the college did not cover the particular offence which was alleged. One of the professors, however, advised the young enthusiast either to abandon his invention or give up his course, and Hamilton chose the latter. For years he continued his experiments, abandoning the use of strings and utilizing long wooden air passages, which gave his instrument as much power as is possessed by a pipe organ. Finally he completed an instrument, which was set up in one of the little chapels in Westminster Abbey, and that historic building echoed with the tones of the Vocalion, for so Mr. Hamilton had named his invention. With all the enthusiasm born of his long years of experiment and the undoubted success of his work, Mr. Hamilton took me to Westminster Abbey to show me the place where his Vocalion had been placed, and there by the tombs of kings and the graves of the most celebrated of Britain's sons he pointed out the spot where his invention had been honored, remarking that he had been married in the same chapel and that some of his ancestors were buried there.

One would never imagine that almost in the heart of London there could be so much rural beauty as can be found around Kensington Palace and that still more lovely spot, St. Mary's Vicarage, which is only separated from the Dutch-looking abode of royalty rebuilt by William III. by a narrow roadway. The spacious grounds of Argyle House, the residence of the Duke of Argyle; the Vicarage, which is the home of Lady Mary Campbell, who is married to Rev. Carr-Glyn; Kensington Palace, where Lord Lorne resides and where the Queen was born, and the long stretch of park form a belt of sylvan beauty which reaches into the very heart of the great metropolis. It is said that one can walk on the turf from Argyle House to St. James' park without ever touching a pavement.

Mr. Hamilton is married to Lady Evelyn Campbell, a daughter of the Duke of Argyle, which explains some of the favors royalty has shown him, though his genius has won him more distinction than the accident of being a Hamilton, and has given him a higher place than birth or marriage could confer.

In the private chapel attached to the vicarage I heard a vocalion, and was not a little surprised to see Mr. Warren, the organ builder of Toronto, presiding at the keys, while standing beside me in the chapel was Mr. J. Herbert Mason of the Canada Permanent Loan and Savings Society. I enquired of Mr. Hamilton the name of the clean-shaven and white-haired clergyman who was just then examining the vocalion and awarding it unstinted praise, and was told that it was the Archbishop of Canterbury. He resembles Henry Ward Beecher, except that he wore gaiters and is not so fat nor so intellectual looking as the Brooklyn preacher was. I am not much given to running after celebrities and titled personages, but one cannot look without interest on the proud and privileged few, who, by fortune of birth or family interest, have been able to obtain such notable and profitable places in the political and religious system of Great Britain. Nor are they by any means unapproachable people, seeming to have a less idea of their own greatness than that which is entertained by the thousands who run to see them pass, and shout with pleasure when the light of titled countenance is turned upon them. Although I was not weakened in my democratic belief that aristocracy of birth and caste-privileges are injurious to a people, because they are set up as a false standard of merit and excite in the vulgar mind a cringing servility, damaging alike to the one exhibiting it, and the one to whom it is shown, yet, from my slight acquaintance with English life I am inclined to believe much less in the reputed *hauteur* of the aristocracy than formerly, and appreciate the fact that there is much less servility among the so-called common people than I had supposed. I find that in Canada the masses are much more inclined to consider titled people and officials a curiosity and show worth going miles to see, than the English people are, probably because amongst the latter familiarity has bred indifference.

To show how one has to go abroad to hear home news I found that the Vocalion on exhibition was made by Mr. Warren in our own city, and was further surprised to learn how the invention had been first brought to Toronto. Mr. Thomas G. Mason, of the well-known firm of Mason & Risch, piano manufacturers, when in England happened into the Lyceum where Mr. Hamilton's Vocalion was being used in a church scene in one of the plays. Mr. Mason was delighted with the wonderful tone of the instrument, and not believing it possible that a pipe organ could have been placed in the mimic chancel instituted enquiries which led him to meet Mr. Hamilton. From that time forward the business connection between the two became more intimate and resulted in Mr. Hamilton coming to reside in Toronto, where he spent nearly a year, assisted by Mr. Warren in perfecting the instrument which is now on exhibition. It is about the size of a large cabinet organ, standing perhaps a little higher than the average instrument of that class. The tone, however, is as rich and powerful, and of such beautiful and varied character, as well as capable of modulation as delicate as that of the pipe organ, and the great advantage of the invention is that small churches, colleges, Sabbath schools, societies as well as organists and their students who could not heretofore afford the latter instrument and had to make a cabinet organ answer their purpose, will find in the Vocalion an instrument which, as regards both size and expense, will be exactly adapted to their wants—whilst beyond this the greatest advantage of the instrument lies in the fact, that in the Vocalion, the music lover has an instrument upon which the symphonic, orchestral, choral and chamber music of the masters can be interpreted as satisfactorily as upon the pipe organ without the bulkiness and unmovableness or expense of that instrument, or its liability to get out of tune, as the Vocalion is movable without being taken to pieces, and it is claimed is so little affected by temperature as to remain in tune for a life-time.

Mr. Hamilton told me that about six or seven hundred dollars would purchase a good Vocalion, equal in strength, sweetness and volume of sound to the ordinary pipe organ. So great is the faith of Messrs. Mason & Risch in the future of this invention that they have made a contract extending over a period of years to dispose of several hundreds of Vocalions annually. They have been given control of the American market, and the instruments will be built by Messrs. Warren & Son, whose church organs hold so deservedly high a place in Canada.

I am not enough of a musical critic to describe in detail the beauties of tone of the Vocalion which was heard to such great advantage in the charming little Chapel overhung by the ancient elms of old Kensington. It would be perhaps interesting to know something of its mechanical construction, and I have it in mind that in my first leisure moments I shall familiarize myself with the instrument which promises to effect so great a change in the organ world, and give to my musical readers the details of its mechanism as far as may be of interest. Next week we will make the voyage home and end this summer trip.

DON.

Why Not?

"I say, Charley, you've spelt inflammable here with only one m!"

"Well, what of it? Isn't that right?"

"Of course it isn't. If you don't believe me, look at your dictionary. You'll find that both Webster and Worcester spell it with two m's."

"Yes, but that doesn't prove anything. Why isn't Webster or Worcester just as likely to make a mistake as I?"

Not Dangerous.

Young Wife—"Oh, Mortimer, did you hear that sound?"

"Yes, my dear!"

"W-w-hat is it, Mortimer?"

"I suspect it's something that begins with a h."

"B-b-burglars, Mortimer!"

"No, love, worse, it's the b-a-b-y."

The Last Straw.

Mrs. Guzzler (in response to question)—Yes, he has laid in this stupor for hours. Nothing seems to rouse him. Tell me, is it anything dangerous, doctor?

Doctor—I am not yet prepared to state positively, madame; but there are symptoms which lead me to suspect water on the brain.

Guzzler (bounding out of bed excitedly)—Water! On my brain! Oh, anything but that!

A Painful Discovery.

"So you're married," said one Chicago traveling man to another. "Well, I'm sure I wish you much joy."

"Don't speak of it, old fellow, don't speak of it."

"What's the trouble? Hasn't it turned out all right?"

"I've made an extremely painful discovery. I had been married a whole year before I knew anything about it."

"And what did you discover?"

"I found that she was dead set against divorce."

"Will you be mine?" said Lord Fitzsnifkins to the peerless Lady Gwendoline, little thinking that she had got Edison with his phonograph, in case of a breach of promise.—*The coming novel.*

Poultry and Milk.

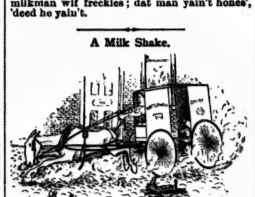
Aunt Dinah—Dis yer chicken am splendicious, 'Rastus. W'ot yo' pay fo' dat bird!

Uncle 'Rastus—I tells yo', honey, de price of chickens am roostin' berry high, but we poo' folks mus' hab 'em. Hi', hi', hi', yah, yah, yah!

Aunt Dinah—Yah, yah, yah, wow! Wha' yo' git dat punt o' milk, 'Rastus! it's ha' watah.

Uncle 'Rastus (seriously)—I got it of dat yaller milkman wif freckles; dat man yain't hones', 'deed he yain't.

A Milk Shake.



Proposed by Caligraph.

Young Thubs is a good business man, but outside of business he is not such a good manager. He had a beautiful typewriter, one of the perfected kind, aged 19 years, better than new, with laughing blue eyes. Having fallen in love with it, he one day sat down beside it, and told it that he wanted to dictate a letter of love to his sweetheart. It went to work mechanically.

"My dearest angel, I love you deeply, devotedly; no other being could ever inspire in my heart such a fervent and lasting affection, and I take this method of laying at your feet my life, my love, my honor and my fortune. Will you accept these? Answer immediately.

"Your sincere lover,

"B. THUBS."

"There it is," said the typewriter. "To whom is it addressed?"

"To your own dear self," said Thubs, with a voice that would make a lemonade shaker.

"And you want a reply?"

"Yes, my precious one."

"Well you shall have it in the same manner; take this seat at the instrument. Ready?"

"Mr. Thubs:

"DEAR SIR—Yours of this instant received; contents noted. In reply I beg to state that your offer is exceedingly kind and worthy, but there is a bar which would prevent its acceptance."

"Stop," said Thubs. "Why should there be a bar between us?"

"Well, you write on——"

"My marriage last Thursday night with Mr. J. Squizgz renders——"

But Mr. Thubs' distant footsteps were echoing down the corridors of no time at all, and in next morning's paper was—

WANTED—A YOUNG LADY TYPEWRITER. B. THUBS.

Mr. Jones From Kensington.

A slim, boyish-looking fellow, with all the trappings and make-up of an orthodox cowboy, swaggered into a saloon at Gloucester the other night, and in a Western twang called for a "ten-cent dose of pizen." A tough policeman sized him up, and remarked to another tough policeman that he would like to get an excuse to break in several pieces "that patant-medicine fake." The cowboy heard the remark, but paid no attention to it. The tough policeman delivered a dissertation about the hollow nothingness of cowboys, real and alleged, to the other tough policeman, and made frequent use of the "patent medicine fake" expression. He had evidently coined it, and was proud of it. When the cowboy paid for his drink and swaggered out the tough policeman accidentally put out his foot, and the cowboy accidentally tumbled over it.

"Beg your pardon," said the cowboy.

"Why don't yer look where yer goin'?" growled the tough policeman. "Fer two pins I'd break yer in two."

"I haven't the pins about me," said the cowboy, "but if you'll wait I'll buy a paper for you and then you can break me up smaller."

"Say, you're too fresh, anyway, fer a patent medicine fake. I guess I'll run you in."

The tough policeman never knew how it happened, but when he put his hand on the cowboy's shoulder it did happen. There was three and a half seconds of blue confusion, and when they gathered the tough policeman up and connected him with his club, badge, buttons and other insignia of office, he feebly asked if the earthquake had killed the other fellow too.

"Well, hardly," said the latter. "You see, I'm not exactly a patent medicine fake, nor a cowboy. I've got a pretty good job down here doing the Wild Western act, but when I'm washed and get my clothes on to go to church on Sunday, I'm Jimmy Jones from Kensington; don't forget, from Kensington!"

Yachting.

Yachting, and particularly steam yachting, is gaining rapidly in popularity every year. For many years it has been considered the correct thing with people sufficiently wealthy to indulge the taste to own a yacht, not only in the seaboard cities, but also on the great lakes.

As yacht-owners are people of wealth and, *pro confusso*, refinement, much attention is paid to the matter of proper costuming. The ideal dress of the yachtsmen is a double-breasted sack coat of navy blue flannel, or yacht cloth, with waistcoat and trousers to match. The buttons of the coat and waistcoat should be metal, and ornamented with the ensign of the club to which the owner belongs.

Most yacht clubs own a die, with which the outfitter is required to stamp the buttons.

The pocket of the yachting jacket should always be provided with flaps, but the waistcoat pockets may be unprotected. The main object of the flaps is to guard against rain or spray entering the pockets; and since in rough weather the coat should be buttoned, flaps for the waistcoat are unnecessary.

The gentleman should wear a navy blue cloth cap, with visor, with the color of the cloth matching the suit. Above the visor should be the ensign of the club, artistically worked in gold or silver.

In the cut of his trousers, the yachtsman should avoid committing himself to the stereotyped nautical style of skin-tightness about the hips and very loose bottoms. This style of garment must be left to the yacht's crew; a gentleman should make little or no departure from the prevailing cut of the same garment he should wear ashore. Ordinarily, the yachting shirt should be of blue flannel; but this is usually regulated by the club uniform committee, who sometimes choose other colors. The shirt should have a turn-down collar, and should be worn with a black silk tie of sailor knot or pattern. The above styles can be procured at No. 1 Rossin House Block, Henry A. Taylor, Merchant Tailor.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

The progress in the art of hair dressing has lately been noticed in Toronto. Mr. Frank Armand, 407 Yonge street, enjoys the reputation of being an artist in this line. Every lady should see his handsomely dressed windows, with all kinds of ornaments and hair goods.

Something Familiar About the Expression.

Sensible cow (in water)—Look here, Bess! I want you to understand there are no flies on me.—*Judge.*

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A GRAND SALE OF HANDKERCHIEFS
Beautiful Hem-Stiched Handkerchiefs, Fancy Borders, 5c, or 6 for 25c, All Pure Ponger Silk Handkerchiefs, 25c worth 50c.

Personal.

Miss McVittie is paying a holiday visit at Port Hope.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Geddes Hallowell have returned from their honeymoon.

Mr. Horace A. Yeomans left last Monday for a few weeks' vacation in Belleville.

Rev. T. C. Street Macklem and Mrs. Macklem returned from Muskoka last Tuesday.

Mr. G. W. Beardmore is expected home from British Columbia about September 1.

Mrs. J. Ross Robertson and her sister, Miss Holland, are staying at Manhattan Beach.

Mr. D. Osborne Brooke left town last week for a lengthened stay in Southern California.

Miss Claire and Miss Buddie Crofton returned last Saturday from Olcott after a two weeks' visit.

Miss Minnie Emery reached home this week after an enjoyable eight weeks' trip to Winnipeg and Dakota.

Mr. Stanley Joplin returned to Montreal this week after spending a two weeks' holiday with his family here.

Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, rector of All Saints' church, and Mrs. Baldwin are spending the holidays in Muskoka.

Miss Lemaitre and Mr. J. F. Lemaitre returned from a month's run to Ottawa, Quebec and the Thousand Islands.

Miss Ratia McDonnell of Lindsay was in town last Tuesday *en route* to Detroit, where she intends visiting relatives.

Rev. Dr. Nawls, Mrs. Nawls, and Miss Nawls of Fort Worth, Texas, are the guests of Mr. Cyrus P. Orr of Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyes of Jarvis street are spending a few days at Brightside, Lorne Park, the residence of Mr. Wm. H. Orr.

Mr. H. S. Morrison, secretary of the Island Campers' Association, and family intend striking camp and returning to the city next week.

The young people of the Leslieville Presbyterian Church intend picnicking at Wilson, the peach garden of New York State, on August 30.

His Worship the Mayor leaves to-day for Winnipeg to attend the Orange Grand Lodge which holds its next session at the Gateway of the North.

Miss Finch of Gerrard street, and Miss Maud Wilson sailed from Collingwood last Saturday for Mackinac. On their return Miss Finch will stay for a few days in Meaford.

Mr. Henry Brock, of Upper Canada College, and family are spending a month at Mr. Lyman's charming house, "Patience," near Craig Lea on Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

Mr. Sydney Greene of Sherbourne street returned last Wednesday from Old Orchard Beach with Mr. Dighton Baxter of Hamilton after a month's sojourn at the Fiske.

The residents of Lorne Park took a sail down to Long Branch Wednesday afternoon, per steamer Rothesay, where they were generously entertained, and spent a very pleasant day.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roper deserted Buonavista, Lorne Park, this week, and paid a flying visit to Hamilton. Mr. Roper's brother, a Chicago banker, is enjoying a well earned holiday at the Park.

Miss Marie C. Strong, so well known in Toronto musical and society circles, has returned home to Mount Forest, after completing a course of vocal study under Mrs. Edgar Davis of Philadelphia.

Mr. Archibald A. Bruce of Bath, England, is visiting Mr. James Hewlett of 38 Wellington place. Mr. Bruce will make an extended tour of the States, leaving Toronto for the Rocky Mountains next week.

Mr. Norman McLeod (Q. O. R.) and Mr. Standly Pentland shook the dust of the law from their feet on Wednesday afternoon in time to witness the defeat of the Hamilton baseball team at Dundurn.

Col. Dawson and Mrs. Dawson and family, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Judge Patterson, Mrs. Patterson and Miss Patterson and other prominent Torontonians are at the Fiske. Col. Dawson returned to town this week.

Rev. Hugh and Mrs. Johnston find the air of Lorne Park quite as invigorating as the sea breezes. They have just returned to Holland House after a trip to the White Mountains, Old Orchard Beach, and Peak's Island.

Miss L. Gellatley, Miss Sara Tomlinson, and Miss Maggie Milne are amongst the home birds who returned from afar last week. They have been holidaying in Algoma during the past five weeks, and have enjoyed splendid bass fishing.

Mrs. W. H. Beatty and Miss Beatty returned from their sojourn at Lake George early this week on account of the illness of Charlie Beatty, who, while on the Oriole during her trip, was taken ill, and brought home from Detroit.

On Saturday evening last, Brightside, Lorne Park, was again the scene of a gay throng, made brilliant by the variegated color of the summer costumes and many Japanese lanterns. Mrs. Wm. H. Orr was At Home to the young people of the Park.

Miss Alice Gray of Brampton is this year's recipient of the Governor-General's medal which is annually given to the candidate from the Brantford Young Ladies' College who obtains the highest results at the Toronto University matriculation.

SATURDAY NIGHT would remind its numerous correspondents of the necessity for communications reaching the editor's hands not later than Wednesday night or first thing on Thursday morning, as later than this causes the crowding out of such communications.

Mrs. J. W. Stockwell left last week for Atlantic City and Philadelphia, in which latter city she joined Mr. Stockwell who, as the 1st Vice-President of St. George's Society in Toronto, is a delegate of that body at the St. George's Union Convention which meets in the Quaker City on August 29.

At the Georgian Bay Hotel, Delphi, are staying Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer and family; Mr. and Mrs. Cross, nurse and family; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Taylor (Globe) and family; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lake, nurse and family; Mr. and Mrs. Callaway (C.P.R.) and family; Mr. and Mrs. W. Smallpeice and family; Mr. and Mrs. George Barber, nurse and family; Mr. and Mrs. Little and family, Hamilton; Mrs. Harry Bedlington and family, Hamilton; Miss McCausland, Toronto; Miss Eva McCausland, Toronto; Miss Reichart, Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, Toronto; Mrs. Watson and family, Toronto; Mrs. Gillis, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Morse and family; Mr. and Mrs. George Evans and family; Mr. and Mrs. W. Davidson and family; Miss Struthers; Mr. Leonard Butler and many others.

Mr. Torrington is literally getting his house (the Toronto College of Music) in order, and a handsome building is rearing its front on Pembroke street as the home of the College. All the departments are now organized in the most systematic manner, with the special advantage that all students of the College will have free access to all the concerts and recitals by visiting and resident professors and by competent pupils, as well as to the lectures on harmony, musical form, taste and expression, musical history, vocal physiology and hygiene, acoustics and other musical subjects. These lectures will, in themselves, form the basis of a liberal musical education, and with the College concerts and recitals, will create a musical feeling and sympathy without which no school of music can hope to succeed. With this latest addition to its academical institutions Toronto may well claim to be a prominent educational center.

The following are amongst those staying at Milford Bay House, Muskoka Lake: Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, children and nurse, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Gibson and daughter, London; Miss McWhirter, Woodstock; Rev. H. Clay Peeples and Mrs. Peeples, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. Scott, Mr. Ackland, Miss Hunter, Miss Louie Lumsden, Miss A. L. Armstrong, Miss Annie Cornish, Mrs. James Pape and Miss Annie Pape, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Finch and two children, Mr. Crisp and Master Crisp, Hamilton; Mr. E. P. Finch, Mrs. Finch, Rev. T. H. Orme, Port Elgin; Mr. Wylie and the Misses Wylie, Caledonia; Mrs. and Miss Waldie, Streetsville; Mr. and Mrs. B. Johnson, Oakville; Mrs. McCrome, St. Thomas; Mr. and Mrs. C. Miller and three children, Ingersoll; Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Freeman, Freeman; Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Callon, Pittsburgh; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. and Miss Barraclough, Ingersoll; Miss Dyke, St. Thomas.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

New York is generous toward her base-ball club, and of late the club has done much to insure a continuance of this feeling. We have as strong a team of players as can be gathered, among them are several men of superior intelligence, taken on an average we venture to say they will rate higher than any other similar body of men in the country. Our remarkable run of luck of late has filled us all with vaunting hope, we have become so accustomed to success that defeat has hardly seemed possible. Something of the public's feeling in this direction has taken hold of the boys, and they should never forget that enduring victory and success are only had at the price of eternal vigilance. They have fallen to the earth at the first onslaught of a powerful and nearly equal organization. The Chicagos with Anson at the helm, have demonstrated over and over again that the rule of conduct of a ball nine is nearest best, when all obey and act as one, in unison and perfect harmony of interests lies greatest strength. This principle is as clearly shown by the playing of the Chicagos as in the record of a campaign of our regretted Sheridan. The New Yorks are great spurters, they probably make more star plays than any other two teams together, but somehow they fail with respect to even, sustained work. It is the determined will-win air that they sometimes lack. The indications are toward the pennant coming this way. We deserve it if deserts are apportioned according to reasonable expectations

The presence of both teams at Wallack's the other evening was the occasion of much enthusiasm and general hilariousness. De Wolf Hopper, numbered among the first of the ball cranks, let himself out to gratify the boys and their followers who packed the theater.

On the corner of Astor Place and Broadway is a cigar store with a sportive proprietor, he has a bulletin board outside and as the ticker turns off the day's scores, they are put down on the bulletin. It is curious to watch and listen to the crowd that begins to gather there about five o'clock. Bets are made as the boy writes and with the gain or loss of a favorite there goes up a suppressed O! or an expressed Oh! "Jimmie you lost der nick; I told yer der New Yorks 'ud do 'em. Ban, dey's no good to let de Chicagos wallop 'em. O, dat's differunt; Johnny Ward's laid off; dat bet don't hold." The newsboys sell their baseball extras and then bet on to-morrow's games. At the dinner tables of two-fifths of the boarding houses baseball is the leading topic, and a boon it is to most of them.

I took one of the Iron Steamboats for Coney Island the other hot night, and never before did I so fully appreciate the delicious change of air and view afforded. The bay is a very realm of fairies on a clear night, illuminated as it is with thousands of brilliant electric lights and glimmering gas jets. It is about an hour's ride to Coney Island from the 23d street landing, and a pleasure from the moment the boat swings out into the stream. Kiraly's Nero, seen from the deck of a passing vessel, presents a spectacle of almost magic splendor; the grounds at St. George are vividly bright with the glow of electricity and the imagination conjures up the storied beauties of old Rome, and the mind wonders if the great Nero himself ever could have had a show equal to this one of the nineteenth century. It is a wonderful show, truly, it is immense in its ensemble and details, to handle such an army of people requires a deal of patience and executive force of no small order. Then, too, there is a sort of art in the arrangement. A good ballet is a work of art, it involves some of the same talent that in painting we call composition.

Anton Seidl and his great orchestra are potent magnets at Brighton Beach this summer—Seidl is one of the few great leaders who have come to this country. He ranks now with Thomas and the late Dr. Damrosch, and in special departments of music I think, is superior to either. We have never had a leader equal to him in the interpretation of Wagner. He made his debut in New York as director of the German opera at the Metropolitan Opera House last winter, a brilliant and entirely satisfactory season of German music went. Seidl is a splendid looking man, strong in physique, a fine head, long dark hair worn *a la* Liszt, and a smooth shaven face that allows free expression to its mobile and sympathetic features. He has the poetic temperament necessary to an understanding of the masters, combined with a strong practical sense required in the handling of large orchestras. His concerts this summer are attended by musical people from all parts of the country.

W. H. Gillette has been remarkably fortunate in his plays thus far, and, including the one just produced at the Madison Square Theatre, he has been successful. He has gauged the public pulse in the matter of the drama, and we are the gainers. A Legal Wreck will find generous approval; it is full of bright things, and sufficiently unconventional to excite a new interest. Gillette himself is an interesting actor, as all who have seen him in his own Held by the Enemy will say. He has a face full of brightness and shrewdness, and his dialogues savor strongly of the man himself. This is a popular touch. We are always pleased to hear a clever man give us his own clever thoughts, it makes us feel acquainted. The performance of "A Legal Wreck" afforded a fine opportunity for Sidney Drew in the character of a lawyer. We have a family of actors this one is to be. John Drew is with Daly in London winning praise from all. Mrs. Maurice Barrymore is an actress of excellent qualifications. The mother before them was and is one of the very best actresses that has graced our stage. Talent for acting is evidently hereditary, this one family is example enough, though how easy it would be to write pages of names to prove the dictum.

The other Kiraly, "Mine Bruder Bolossy," produces another dramatization from Jules Verne on the 18th. In Mathias Sandorf the Kiraly talent for spectacles will have a fine opportunity. Niblo's has been the scene of rehearsals and preparation for weeks. The engaging of the ballet for this performance widened the breach existing in the Kiraly family. Bolossy offered the girls of "Nero" a premium to leave Rome and come to New York. Imrie discharged them at once for presuming to think of deserting for paltry lucre the "eternal city."

CARRINGTON.

NEW YORK, Aug. 21.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CAMERON—On Wednesday, August 15, Mrs. Cameron, Woodville—a son.

McNAIR—On August 19, at 50 Bond street, Mrs. J. T. McNair of South Carolina—a son.

BLACKSTOCK—On August 19, at Maplehurst, Thorold, Mrs W. H. Blackstock—a daughter.

CHRISTIE—On August 17, at Chatham, Mrs. J. Douglas Christie—a son.

CASHMAN—On August 6, at Bracebridge, Mrs. J. J. Cashman—a daughter.

WHELER—On August 20, at Alton, Mrs. J. E. Wheler—a son.

GRANT—On August 13, at Toronto, Mrs. John Grant—a son.

THOMPSON—On August 11, at Penetanguishene, Mrs. W M. Thompson—a daughter.

BLAIR—On August 18, at Toronto, Mrs. William Blair—a son.

BOYLE—On August 16, at St. Catharines, Mrs. George R. Boyle—a son.

GARLAND—On August 16, at Ottawa—Mr. N. S. Garland—a son.

McBRIDE—On August 18, at 88 Clinton street, Mrs. A. B. McBride—a daughter

MORROW—On August 12, at the Humber, Mrs. James Morrow—a daughter.

CAMPBELL—On August 19, at 49 St. James' avenue, Mrs. A. C. Campbell—a son.

BILTON—On August 19, at 48 Huntley street, Mrs. W. G. Bilton—a son.

MORRISON—On August 20, at Brantford, Mrs. A. H. Morrison—a daughter.

Marriages.

MACKELLAR—DODGE—On August 17, at Chatham, John A. Mackellar to Bertha E Dodge, both of Ridgetown.

BRITTON—McMORE—On August 18, at Toronto, C. H. Britton, M.D., of East Toronto, to Minnie J. Moore, daughter of the late George C. Moore, J.P., of Elizabethtown.

ROWLEY—RICHARDS—On July 10, at St. Stephen's church, Gloucester road, South Kensington, William Edwin Rowley of Galthorpe, Yorkshire, and Glassonby Cumberland, to Frances, daughter of the Hon. Albert Norton Richards, Q.C., Victoria, B.C.

GILPIN—SMITH—On August 14, at Quebec, John Gilpin to Matilda Smith, youngest daughter of Hugh Smith, formerly of Bourg Louis.

TAYLOR—KEELER—On August 17, at Kingston, Edward J. Taylor to Maud E. Keeler, both of that city.

LAMBE—PALMER—On August 8, at Essex Centre, Solomon O. Lanarsh to Arizona L. Palmer, both of Gosfield South.

McLAUGHLIN—GIMBY—On August 14, at Brooke, Rev. J. F. McLaughlin, B.A., Professor of Natural Science, Wesleyan College, Hamilton, to Emily, daughter of Joseph Gimby.

WISMER—COPELAND—On August 7, at Essex Centre, Theodore Wismer of Maidstone to Georgina Copeland of Essex Centre.

HOWELL—STEWART—On August 21, at Brantford, Nelson Howell to Mrs. Hattie W. Stewart, daughter of James Woodyat, all of Brantford.

WITMERE—FIZETTE—On August 15, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, Samuel T. Witmere of Bathgate, Dakota, to Charlotte, second daughter of Robert Fizette.

FUKE—STONE—On August 20, at Toronto, George Fuke of St. Thomas, Ont., to Elizabeth Stone, of Toronto.

TUTTY—HOBSON—On August 21, at Toronto, William Tutty of Toronto to Jennie Edith Hobson, Galt.

Deaths.

HAYES—At Simcoe, on August 17, Arthur Bowlby Hayes, aged 14 years.

ROBERTS—At Niagara Falls South, on August 19, Rev. John Roberts, aged 66 years.

DOWNEY—At West Gwillimbury, on August 17, Robert Downey, aged 56 years.

DWIER—On August 21, Mrs. James Dwier.

CAMPBELL—At 49 St. James' avenue, on August 20, the infant son of A. C. and Josie Campbell.

MAUGHAN—On August 19, Mrs. Thos. J. Maughan.

FRASER—At Newmarket, on August 13, Mrs. Eva Matilda Fraser.

RAE—At London, England, on August 6, Mrs. Mary Rae.

WILKES—On August 20, at 164 Huron street, Henry Mortimer Wilkes, aged 6 months and 3 weeks

ABBOTT—On August 18, Allan West Abbott, aged 3 years.

FORTIER—On August 9, in Amherstburg, James William Fortier, aged 11 days.

HARVEY—On August 9, at Orange, N. J., Jane Harvey.

LE VISCONTE—On August 19, at 6 Campbell, Alexander Max-well Le Vesconte, J.P., aged 67 years.

LAWDER—On August 16, at Whitby, Harry Laing Lawder.

MORRIS—On August 19, at Baker City, Oregon, Charles Francis Morris, formerly of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Hamilton, aged 25 years.

BRAWIN—On August 17, at Deer Park, Reginald Æmelius Baldwin, aged one year.

DEWART—On August 19, at Port Perry, James Dewart, aged 80 years.

HICKS—On August 18, at Pine Grove, Wm. Hicks, aged 63 years.

ROSS—On August 18, at Yorktown, Assiniboia, N. W. T., Alex. C. Ross, late of Cedar Park farm, Cookstville, Ont.

FINEGAN—On August 22, at 111 Brock street, Rose Finegan, aged 55 years.

BOGERS—On August 14, at Carrillion, Quebec, Wm. Bookless, aged 82 years.

BADEAU—On August 20, at Guelph, Francis E. Badeau, aged 17 months.

McCULLOUGH—On August 20, at Belleville, Samuel McCullough, aged 35 years.

WYATT—On August 18, at Louth, Frank Wyatt, aged 53 years.

FLAVELLE—On August 17, at Toronto, Josie Flavelle, aged 7 months.

GEDDES—On August 15, at Russell, Ont., Myrtle Mary, aged 7 months.

LAVICOURT—On August 17, at St. Johns, Que., Louisa Sarah King Lavicourt.

MILLMAN—On August 17, at Woodstock. Mary Millman, aged 44 years.

SILLIPHANT—On August 14, at Carleton, N.B., Charlotte Silliphant, aged 29 years.

VEASEY—On August 19, at Hamilton, Harold Veasey, aged 8 months.

WILSON—On August 14, at Thousand Island Park, Wells Island, N.Y., Elizabeth Wilson.

McLAREN—On August 10, at Wahnapitae, John D. McLaren, aged 30 years.

McWILLIAMS—On August 14, at Toronto, Ronald Alexander McWilliams, aged 13 years.

CLARKSON—On August 13, in Township of West Oxford, Frank Clarkson, aged 69 years.

WATSON—On August 19, at Toronto, Ruby Sarah Watson, aged two weeks.

DAVIS—On August 18, accidentally killed on C.P.R. near Parkdale, William Allan Davis, aged 25 years.

Gloves Fitted.

"Take off your rings, please," said the young lady at the glove counter, as she prepared to fit a pair of number sixes on the plump hand extended to her.

"I will turn them around, so then they will not hurt me," suggested the customer.

"But they will hurt me then," answered the clerk, "I have cut my fingers or scraped all the skin off, fitting gloves on, over rings."

The customer took off her set rings and put them in her pocketbook.

"I don't mind a wedding ring," continued the young lady, as she deftly inserted the customer's fingers into the powdered glove, "but I will not fit gloves over set rings. The new kind of setting is all points. They tear the kid and hurt me besides. I have often cut a customer's fingers, too, squeezing on a tight glove and pressing the ring down into the hand."

"Do gentlemen have their gloves fitted?"

"Oh, yes, all particular gentlemen do."

"What numbers do they wear?"

"Mostly sevens and seven and a-half. Some of them are as particular as the ladies about a glove fitting without wrinkles. I like to fit them. They are easier to please and more polite to us."

"Perhaps that is because you are more polite to them. What number of buttons do they wear?"

"The two button glove and in subdued colors. Oh, yes, we powder their gloves. They like all those little attentions. But a man does not like to use a button hook to button his glove. The buttons on their gloves are large, and they fasten them with their fingers."

It is rather a trying to purchase a pair of gloves nowadays. The customer leans her elbow on a purple velvet cushion and waits until a glove that fits like her own skin is adjusted to her hand by a pretty girl, who is sharp enough to be amusing. Only a few of our leading dry goods stores employ a professional glove fitter. It is a department instituted by the manufacturers of popular gloves.

Quit at 10 O'clock.

The Viennese spend much time at cafes and beer gardens, and consequently they do not return to their homes until rather late in the evening. Every one who is out after 10 o'clock p.m. in Vienna is fined four cents, and by an old law the porters of the houses are authorized to collect and keep this fine, which must amount to a good sum in such a city of pleasure. The young men in Vienna have never been able to get this law repealed, for the majority in the Legislature are men of property, who, on account of this fine, can get porters to take care of their apartment houses for nothing. There are no latch keys to the outside doors, so every person who returns after 10 o'clock at night must get the porter to open the doors and pay him four cents. It is an amusing sight to see the porters all standing at their doors, keys in hand, towards 10 o'clock, waiting for the clocks to announce the hour for closing, so that they may miss no fees from late returners. When young men are making calls they become uneasy toward 10 o'clock, and they can be seen to revolve in their minds the problem whether to stay longer and spend eight cents each in fees—for they have to pay to get out of the house where they are, as well as to get in their own—or leave at once and have two beers at the expense of porters. Austrian girls have to make a great many attractions to make the young men give up their beer for them, for what do Austrian men like better than their beer—nothing, but themselves.

Postponed.

Apropos of business on the street, the boys are telling of Izzy Solomon's calling on Sol. Isaacs one evening last week, very deep in the dumps.

"Vy, Izzy," said Sol., "vat is de matter mit you?"

"Sol," returned Izzy, "I'm tired mit life, pecause it is so pat. Let me go into de pack parlor and plow mein prains oudt."

"All right," replied Sol. coolly.

"Vill you gome to mein funeral?" asked Izzy, commencing to hedge.

"I vill if you lets me have de bistol."

"Of gourse, but oh, mein Gott! I may ruin your garpet!"

"Don't be afrait," said Sol. calmly, "it is oilgloth."

Izzy postponed the climax till he should find a more sympathetic mourner.

Mastering the Language.

Hostess: Baron, will you take some filberts?

Distinguished Guest (studying Saxon): Non, merci, madame; to-day I am vot you say in Engleesh, off my nut.

Cela Va Sans Dire.

Frenchman (to German): Where did you get that old watch?

German: In France, 1870.

The Waning of the Honeymoon.

He: Darling.

She: Yes, darling.

He: What are you thinking of, darling?

She: Nothing, darling; what are you?

He: Dinner, darling.

Declined With Thanks.

Squibbler—Any returns yet for those last stories you sent to SATURDAY NIGHT?

Scribbler (sadly)—Nothing but the manuscripts.

In the Omnibus.

Old Gent—Confound it, sir, that's my corn you stepped on.

Young Tough—Course it is, old boy. You wouldn't be kicking so if it was anybody's else.

Consoling.

Fiance—Darling, I'm afraid you are too good for me.

Fiancee—Oh, I'll make up for it after our marriage.

A Spavined Stranger.

There was a group of men talking horse in the office of the Hotel Cadillac when they were joined by a stranger, who kept putting in his oar at every opening, and who finally observed:

"Yes, I expect I owned the first horse which ever trotted a mile in three minutes."

"You? Did you ever own a horse?" sharply queried one of the group.

"Of course I did."

"A real horse?"

"Certainly."

"Flesh and blood?"

"Yes, sir."

"Look here, my friend, you've heard of a spavin on a horse, haven't you?"

"I should say I had! I've cured dozens of 'em."

"Then you are just the man to settle a dispute. Do these spavins break out in the upper or the lower jaw? Don't answer me off-hand, but take time to think, as much depends on it. Wait about a little and be sure you are right."

The stranger got up in a dazed way, walked to the door, and as he turned to come back he saw that his chair had been filled, and that it was cold out on him.

"Where do spavins break out?" he muttered as he surveyed the group. "That's according. If I can git hold of the feller who made a fool of me spavins will break out of him in ten thousand places at once, and they'll be gosh darned spavins to boot!"

A Base Hint.

"Good morning, Mr. Dallyway; changing your boarding place again?"

"Yes."

"What is the matter now? I thought you were nicely fixed."

"Well, I was; but I got a week in arrears on my board, and my landlord served me coffee this morning in a fancy cup with gilt lettering on it that read: 'Think of me.' I paid my bill and got out. You can bet I wouldn't put up with such base hints for pay as that was."

Returned.

The "salesladies" have begun to return from their vacation trips and have kindly consented to resume their places behind the counters, where for the next three months they will spend the greater part of their time in groups of from five to a dozen, entertaining would-be customers with this sort of chatter:

"I had the gayest old time!"

"Didn't I, too? I guess so!"

"Bathe? Well, I should smile! Some days I went in three times."

"Oh, but I had a grand time!"

"Klitie and I flirted fearfully! We just—"

"Bert Brassface was with us, and—"

"You just ought to have seen us girls rolling down haystacks and—"

"Oh, you horrid things! Lol and I—"

"I never ate so much in all my life."

"Mattie and Helen and I had a room together, and—"

"Didn't we make those old country clodhoppers stare, though? I tell you—"

"Oh, the water was fearfully cold! I thought I should freeze, and—"

"I had the loveliest bathing suit!—cream color and cardinal, with—"

"Tee, hee, hee!"

"Hee, hee, hee!"

"Tee—"

But when they get to giggling the store might as well put up its shutters for the next half hour.

Could Be Altered on the Spot.

Young man (to tailor)—I must have that suit at eight o'clock to-night, sure, Snipper, for the Twillingham ball; no mistake.

Snipper—All right, sir.

Young man—And what if it shouldn't fit?

Snipper—I'm to be a guest at the Twillingham ball myself, sir, and should the suit need any little alterations I can make them there.

Coming Back, You Know.

Tourist—My physician has advised me to settle where I can get the south wind. Does it ever blow here?

Native—Well, sir, I may say as you're lucky to have come to this place. The south wind always blows here.

Tourist—Always! But it seems to be blowing from the north now.

Native—Oh, it may be coming from that direction, but it's the south wind. It's coming back, you know.

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Thirty Years' Test

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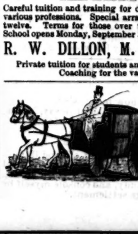


Charles Brown,

Nos. 36 and 38

KING ST. WEST.

Coupes 75c.

Carriages $1

Telephone 123.

Stolen From Æsop.

"Children, yous want ole aunty to tell yous a story, eh? Why, in course I will. Moses, nessle closer, an'. Absolom, you sit down hyar. I'se gwine to tell youse 'bout de race 'tween de cottintail an' de tortle. Dey bo' started to once. De rabbit he ran an' ran, an' ran. De tortle he crep, an' crep, an' crep. Well, children, de day was hot an' de road dusty, an' by-um-by de cottintail he git tired runnin'. He stopped to fan hisself in de peach orchard, fooled along de mill race, an' los' time nibblin' cabbage in de farmer's garden. He started off agin, but he didn't go fur, 'case he knowed he whar miles an' miles ahead in de race. Dar whar a big clump of grass dat looked mighty green, an cool, an' invitin'. In dar de rabbit scrooched outen de dus' an' heat.

"Well, children, what you tink happen nex? J'is' what might a been 'spected. De rabbit he fell asleep, an' he slep', an' slep' an' slep'. An' all dat time de tortle he crep', an' crep' an' crep'. At las' de cottintail waken up. De sun whar in de wes', de swallows whar flyin' low, de air whar gittin' darker. Den de rabbit he felt skeered. He looked at his watch, and gracious alive if it weren't a mos' seven o'clock!

"Den he started off de bes' he knowed how, but, children, it whar too late—it whar too late. De tortle had won de race. He'd jis' kep' on, an' on, an'on. Dar wasn't no funny bis'ness 'bout him. He hadn't stopt to fan hisself, or to frow stones inter de creek, or to nibble cabbage, or to snooze in de grass. Now, children, dar's a pint to dis yer story. De race isn't allers won by de nimble—but de slow ploddin' an jis' as likely to win. Dey don' brag, an' 'spurt an' fool. Dey gits right down to work, an' keep dar, an' dar 'durance lasts dem to de end. Better, boys, be a low-down, hard-shell, creepin', git-thar tortle dan a giddy, big-eyed, loit'rin, race-losin', no-mind-of-his-own ole cottintail!"

What to Take on a Sea Voyage.

Take leave of your friends and relatives.

Take your passage ticket; you may be asked for it before you go ashore.

Take a square meal before embarking. Seasickness on an empty stomach is not an enjoyable affair.

Take a fat pocketbook with you; the chances are that you may often need it.

Take the best berth you can get for the money.

Take your food as regularly as you can.

Take notice how more experienced travelers comport themselves.

Take a fast hold on the companion rail in a storm.

Take a walk on deck every day when practicable.

Take the prettiest young lady passenger down to dinner.

Take a few notes in your diary the first three days out—after that you needn't trouble.

Take a joke in the spirit in which it is given.

Take care you tip the steward before going ashore.

Take no liberty with the officers or crew.

Take yourself away from a couple who are spooning on deck. They don't need your company.

Take to the floor if you haven't strength enough to reach your berth.

Take some malted milk when you are seasick.

Take a solemn avowal every time you feel bad that you'll never venture to sea again.

Wanted to Stop the Unearned Increment.

A physician once dined with an old merchant, and when they came to the wine, a dusty old bottle was decanted by John, and passed to the host. Taking the bottle he filled the doctor's glass and handed it to him. Then, pouring out another glass, he held it up to the light, and said:

"How do you like it, doctor?"

"I think it is a fine specimen of old port."

"Now, can you guess what it cost me?" said the host.

"Surely not," said the doctor; "I only know that it is excellent."

"Well now, I can tell you, for I made a careful estimate the other day. When I add the interest to the first price, I find that it costs me just the sum of four shillings and sixpence per glass!"

"Good gracious! You don't say so!" said the doctor; and then, draining his glass, he presented it again, with the remark, "Fill it up again as quick as you can, for I want to stop that compound interest."

Boys in Hot Weather.

There is one class in the community who never allow hot weather to bother them: in fact they don't seem to realize that such a thing exists. We allude to the boys. Who ever knew a boy to consult a thermeter on a hot day, or wear a cabbage leaf in his hat—he rarely keeps a hat on his head—or carry an umbrella to ward off the sun's rays, or ask a comrade, "Is it hot enough for you? Never one. With the mercury standing at 99 degrees in the shade (or lying down thoroughly exhausted in the sun) the boys carry themselves just as though there was nothing unusual in the weather at all. They engage in their accustomed games, play base-ball beneath a blazing sun, run and sport in apparent unconsciousness that such a thing as sunstroke ever existed. To be sure, they object to any superfluous clothing, and prefer that what they do wear be of the thinnest variety. Hats or caps they have no use for, unless it be for footballs, or to catch minnows in when they go fishing. Happy boys!

Where Her Inspiration Comes From.

Society Girl—My dear Miss McSiddons, how you must adore your art. You seem perfectly wrapped up in it. I love to watch you on the stage when you gaze upward in that soulful way of yours as you come to some particularly emotional passage. Are you seeking inspiration when you do that?

Emotional actress—Oh, no; I am just counting the receipts in the gallery.

Better Bide a Wee.

George—Oh, my love! my angel! To think that you will be my own little wife! May I speak to your father to-day!

She—Better wait till to-morrow, dearest George. Papa would not feel that he could part with me were you to ask him to day, but my milliner's bill is due to-morrow, and dear papa will jump at the chance to see me safely disposed of.

An Accommodating Menial.

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" asked a lady of her colored servant.

"Bekase I did'n' heah de bell."

"Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you come and tell me so."

"Yassum."

A Generous "Tip."

Wife (coming out of restaurant)—I thought the waiter acted as if he expected a "tip."

Husband—I should say so. Why, he asked me if I hadn't forgotten something.

"And did you "tip" him?"

"Yes, I told him to buy Elkwood for "place."

Oysters for Two.

Countryman (to waiter)—Give us some raw oysters, mister.

Waiter—Yes, sir; how many, sir?

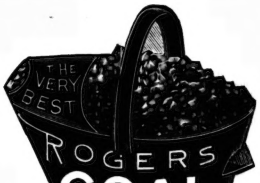
Countryman (to wife)—What d'ye say, Maria?

Wife—I guess we kin spile a can, John.

And a Good Way, Too.

A man who had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, who was extremely wealthy, used to say: "Whenever I find my temper giving way I retire to my study, and console myself by reading her marriage settlement."

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED



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VIA ERIE RAILWAY
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Steamer Hastings chartered for the occasion. Leaving Berkeley street wharf 8 a.m., calling at G d'es' wharf, Yonge street, and Queen's wharf. **Tickets, Adults 50c., Children, 25c.,** to be had from members of the Committee, at 722 Queen street east, and at boat.

Committee—J. Knox Leslie, Chairman, Dr. G.S. Clelland, D. W. Waddell, Secretary.

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Provincial Exhibition
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
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WILL BE HELD IN THE
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Entries close on August 28 For Prize Lists and all other information apply to the secretary.

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TO Langenburg AND RETURN
COLONIST CLASS

Tickets will be sold at all stations on the Canadian Pacific the Kingston and Pembroke and Grand Trunk Railways, Prescott, Ottawa and west thereof.

The excursion will leave Toronto at 11 p.m. on **August 28th,** and Carleton Junction at 1.10 a.m. **29th August,** via North Bay and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Apply to nearest railroad agent for full particulars and accommodation in Colonist Sleepers which will be reserved as ordered.

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In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 24 up to 48 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more we can produce
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The usual Saturday Evening Hop will be given this evening.

Annual Tournaments begin on Tuesday next. On Tuesday—Golf competition on the Links. Wednesday—Tennis, and on which day Singles for gentlemen over 40 years of age will be played, followed by International Match, Gentlemen's Singles and Doubles, Ladies' & Gentlemen's Doubles, &c. Concert and Ball Thursday evening, and the week will terminate with Grand Ball on Saturday evening, Aug. 25.

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